My Missionary Associates

By

Z. T. GRIFFIN, B.D.

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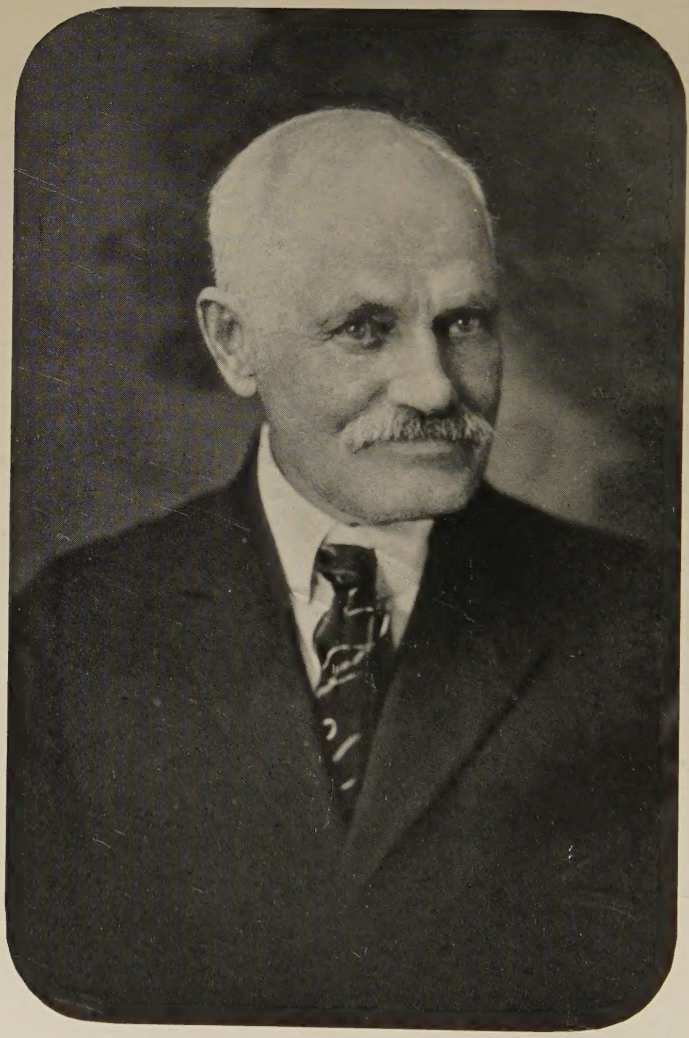

Z. F. Griffin

My Missionary Associates

By

Z. F. GRIFFIN, B.D.

Author of "India and Daily Life in Bengal".
(Four Editions)

Also "Chundra Lela" and
"The Life of a Hindu Woman"

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PART I

My Missionary Associates

of Bengal-Orissa

1883-1909

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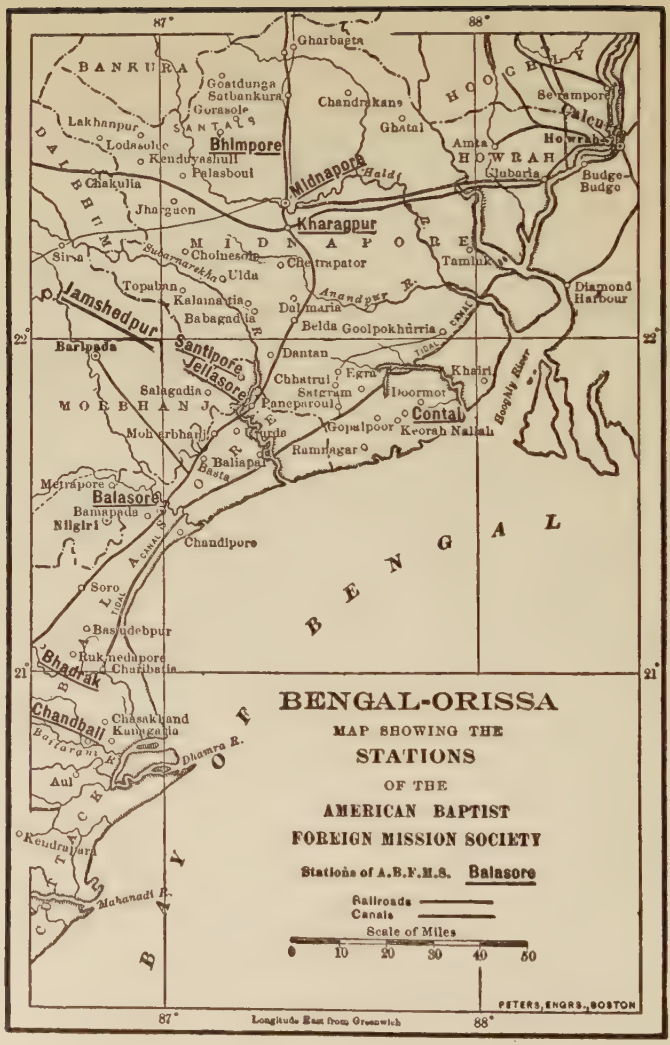
Explanation

Bengal-Orissa mission field was first occupied by the Free Baptist Foreign Mission Society in 1836. It lies on the eastern side of India and on the Bay of Bengal. Its most southern station is Chandbali, about two hundred miles southwest of Calcutta. Its most northern station is Bhimpore, about eighty miles west of Calcutta. It embraces the two districts of Midnapore and Balasore. The places mentioned in these sketches lie in these districts.


BENGAL-ORISSA
MAP SHOWING THE
STATIONS
OF THE
AMERICAN BAPTIST
FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
Stations of A.B.F.M.S. Balasore
Railroads
Canals
Scale of Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50
PETERS, ENGRS., BOSTON
Longitude East from Greenwich
87°
88°
22°
21°
BENGAL
BAY OF BENGAL
BANKURA
MIDNAPORE
HOOGHLY
HOWRAH
SANTALS
MORBHANJ
Gharbagta
Goaldunga
Satbankura
Gorasole
Lakhanpur
Lodasolde
Kenduyashull
Bhimpore
Pelasboul
Chakulia
Jhargaon
Chandrakona
Ghatal
Midnapore
Haldi
Kharagpur
Sirsa
Cholnesore
Chetmpator
Sualmarekha
Ulda
Topshan
Kalaimatia
Babagadia
Jamshedpur
Barbpada
Santipore
Jellasore
Salagadia
Mohurbhanj
Anandpur R.
Dulmaria
Belda
Goolpokhurria
Dantan
Chhatrui
Ekra
Khairi
Satsram
Panchparoula
Contai
Goipalpoor
Keorah Nallah
Hoormot
Hooghly River
Tidal Canals
Diamond Harbour
Budge-Budge
Howrah
Calcutta
Serampore
Amta
Ghubaria
Tamluk
Rumnagar
Baliapal
Basta
Balasore
Bamapada
Nilgiri
Chandipore
Soro
Bansudebpur
Rukmedipore
Charibatia
Bhadrak
Chandbali
Chasakhand
Kumargola
Baitarani R.
Dhamra R.
Aul
Kendrapara
Mahanadi R.
Cuttack Canal
Soro Canal

My Missionary Associates

My acquaintance in our Bengal-Orissa field extends over a longer period of time than that of any of our missionaries now living except Mrs. Julia Burkholder, of Iron Mountain, Mich., Mrs. Harriet Phillips Stone, of Battle Creek, Mich., and Dr. Mary Bacheler, of Midnapore, India.

It was my sad experience to meet Dr. Jeremiah Phillips when he came home to finish his earthly career. This was in the year 1879. I was then a student in Hillsdale College. Dr. Phillips and his wife were in the home of Mrs. Platt, their daughter, in whose home he died. I called on him as often as prudent and followed the casket to the grave. While I could not claim him as an associate, still I had thus met him and am a sort of connecting link between the old order and the new. And also I was on the very field hallowed by his memory and strenuous work for the last fourteen years I was in India. Very many times have I heard the older members of the Hindu community speak in the highest terms of "Phillips Sahib."

Mrs. Hannah Phillips, the mother of all his children except James and John, was in India nearly all the time we were there.

Now that I am laid aside from more active physical work, owing to a fall from a bicycle in India many years ago, a number of my friends have urged me to write of my India experiences during the years we were connected with the work. Especially urgent were those who read the biography of Mrs. Griffin which I wrote at once after her death a year ago. This they thought would be a sort of companion volume to that.

Owing to the style of this narrative I shall have to use the first person a good many times. I would be glad to avoid it if I could.

I know full well that there are others who could tell this story better than I can from a literary standpoint. But will they? If they will the way is still open. I have no preëmption rights. Mrs. Hills some years ago wrote a very full account of our mission in "Missionary Reminiscences." She began with the beginning of the work in Bengal-Orissa and brought it down to just about the time we entered, 1883. I shall begin there and come down to the time we severed our connection with the active work and came home, 1909. The following year the Free Baptist and Baptist boards united. It will be for someone else to follow the movements from that on.

I may say in passing that the length of the sketch I am giving of each of the missionaries whom I met on the field in no way indicates their worth or ability. It simply means that I knew more about the subject. Some of our missionaries I knew most intimately and some I saw but seldom.

Moreover, I cannot enumerate in detail the different kinds of work each missionary was engaged in at different times and places. This would weave a web that none but those on the field or those most intimately acquainted with the work could possibly unravel. I may also add that all of our missionaries with one or two exceptions have been willing to go where it seemed they were most needed and to do what they could to supply that need regardless of their own tastes or desires and however much of hardship or suffering, mental or physical, it might involve.

We arrived in India, Dec. 31, 1883. Dr. J. L. Phillips, who knew of our movements, had arranged with Mr. Sykes, a Christian business man of Calcutta, to meet our steamer and to conduct us to the home of Dr. J. M. Thoburn, then pastor of the M. E. church in Calcutta. That was long years before he became bishop. They received us very kindly.

A little experience at the breakfast table the very first morning is typical of all India and for all time. Our first meal *chota hazarie* (little breakfast) was usually served in our room. It consisted of a slice of toast, a banana and a cup of tea perhaps. At about eleven or so we had a regular breakfast. That morning for breakfast the servant was bringing from the cook house across the open court two chickens on a platter on his head. Of a sudden a large kite swooped down and seizing one of the fowls in his talons bore it in triumph to the top of the cook house. The cook was in a great state of mind and insisted that we come and see for ourselves. Sure enough, there the crows and kites were fighting for their share of the dainty morsel. We had to be satisfied with a smaller portion.

Dr. Thoburn excused us from attending his service so that we might go to the old Lall Bazar Baptist chapel. This for sentimental reasons. Here is where Wm Carey preached and here is where Adoniram Judson was immersed. Dr. Thoburn probably preached as good a sermon as Mr. Hook but we wanted to see the old chapel. Monday, Dr. Phillips arrived to render help in getting our goods through the customs and reshipped to Midnapore.

We arrived in Midnapore about midnight and were shown at once to our room without disturbing the other

members of the family. The next morning we met Mary Phillips, Dr. Phillips' wife, Mrs. Burkholder, Dr. Phillips' sister, Mollie Miller and Miss Coombs. This must have been Jan. 4, 1884. I shall speak of them in the order we met them.

Dr. James L. Phillips

He was born in Balasore, Orissa, India, Jan. 17, 1840. His mother died when he was six months old leaving him and his twin brother, John, to the care of the father. When these boys were eleven years old they were sent to America in care of the Bachelers who were returning for a much-needed furlough. James spent the next thirteen years in school. He was a bright student and learned rapidly. These boys were placed in Whitestown Seminary, N. Y., where James was fitted for college. It was here that he dedicated his life to the service of his Lord and was baptized, March, 1853. He graduated at Bowdoin College, 1860, and New Hampton Theological Seminary, 1862. While studying, he was ordained and became pastor of our New York City church. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, 1864. He married Mary Sayles and almost at once sailed for India. Mrs. Phillips, his wife, has written his biography, which gives in detail his interesting and useful life. Being born in Balasore and reared in Jellasore until he was eleven years of age, he could speak both Oriya and Bengali as his mother tongue. While he was very fluent in the use of English, he was equally so in the use of these languages as well as having a very good knowledge of Hindustani and Santali.

He was set apart for Santal work by our mission in 1869 and he and his wife and Julia, his sister, moved to

Bhimpore and laid the foundation for a great work. This afterwards became really the life work of Mr. and Mrs. Burkholder.

During one of Dr. Phillips' furloughs in America he raised $25,000 for the endowment of a Bible school in Midnapore and he became its first principal. And here he was and here the school was when we first saw it our first morning in Midnapore. I saw at once that he was a very busy man. He was not only principal but he taught several classes. I do not know just how many students there were but I should think about twenty, perhaps more. These were young men studying for Christian leadership. He continued in this work until ill health drove him to America in 1885.

Dr. O. R. Bacheler returned not long after and was appointed principal pro tem, which position he held until his final retirement to America in 1893. Dr. Phillips, being a medical man, had his dispensary and his daily patients. He also had the general oversight of all the mission property, the Christian community and the church. Here he very often preached on Sunday morning. He had an English service for the educated native gentlemen, calling around each Sunday morning to their houses and giving a special invitation. After our arrival, at his request I alternated these services with him. He also had charge of the mission press and frequently found time to go out into the country for evangelistic work.

For a time he was minister of the Union Chapel at Simla up in the mountains. While in America there came a call to him from the All-India Sunday School Union to become its General Secretary and to devote his entire time to that work. He accepted the call. No more suitable man for the office could have been found in all

India. In 1890 he sailed for India from Philadelphia where he had been living for a time. He went into the work with a zeal which consumed him. He died up in the Himalaya Mountains, Mussourie, June 25, 1895. He was honored and beloved by all who knew him.

Mary Sayles Phillips

Mrs. Phillips was a very talented woman and a very devout missionary. She and Dr. Phillips were married at Pascoag, R. I., her native city, Aug. 10, 1864. December 20 of that same year the ship which was to take them to India weighed anchor in Boston. In many ways it was a most trying voyage. They reached Midnapore, July 1, 1865. They must have had many days of real joy notwithstanding the hardships for there were Dr. Jeremiah Phillips and wife, Dr. J. L. Phillips and wife, Miss Julia Phillips, and the little girl, Ida Phillips. Three of them were returning to their native land.

In Mrs. Griffin's biography I have spoken of the great zeal she put into her Zenana work in Midnapore and how the work was greatly enlarged under her care, but the real pioneers in this work were Mrs. J. L. Phillips and Miss Julia Phillips. Mrs. Griffin enlarged and strengthened the work but it was no slight task to begin such a work.

Mrs. Phillips was not simply interested in the rich and high caste but equally so in the poor and outcaste. She saw thousands of poor and naked and neglected children in the streets of the city and she established what came to be called "Ragged Schools." That term may sound a little better but they were in reality naked schools. Many of these children did not have a rag on them.

She gathered these under friendly trees, on the veranda of some house, and even in her own premises and employed for them teachers. She made the rounds of these schools herself giving Christian instruction.

As patients came to the dispensary of her husband for treatment, while they were waiting she became the evangel which told them of a Great Physician. She also frequently found time to go off with her husband for a trip into the country on evangelistic tours. Then she had a family of four children of her own—Will, Beebe, John and Edith. My impression is that all of these were born in India. She was not only the mother and had a household to look after but was also the teacher of her children. And they were well taught. We met her in Midnapore in January, 1884 and bade her goodbye in Santipore twenty-one years after—almost to a day. She was a very frail-looking woman. It looked as if a puff of wind might carry her off. But she was as bold and courageous as a lion. She was not afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. When she saw a thing to be her duty there was no flinching nor drawing back. If I had the space at my disposal I could tell of some really thrilling experiences which came under my own observation. She returned to America finally in 1905 and made Battle Creek her home where also resided Mrs. Harriet Phillips Stone. I may add that at one time she was president of the India W. C. T. U. and also editor of their temperance paper.

She left this busy life and entered into rest, Feb. 6, 1911.

Lovina C. Coombs

Miss Coombs had been living alone in the large house known as "The Bacheler House." The house had been secured to the mission many years before by Dr. Bacheler, hence its name. She came over at once after her *chota hazarie* (little breakfast) to see us. She came to give us a hearty welcome. In fact, whatever she did was done heartily. She was no ordinary woman. In fact she was no ordinary missionary, and that is saying a good deal. Civilization owes a great debt to missionaries. Miss Coombs came of a seafaring stock. Her father was Captain Daniel Coombs and she had two brothers who were lost at sea. Her nephew was captain of the sailing vessel, "Puritan," and was in Calcutta about the time we were coming home the first time. In fact, he brought home some of our heavy things as a part of his cargo. He was very anxious that we also should come with him but we thought such a long voyage would be too tedious and declined. He made that voyage all right and landed our goods but the next was his last. His ship was never heard from again. I fancy her people were also of Puritan stock. No one would ever think of approaching her with any proposition which was not one hundred per cent morally upright, no evasion, no subterfuges, no deception. Everything must be clean and above board and all perfectly all right. If she had a weakness, it was in not being able to see things from the standpoint of the offending people, having a charity which covered a multitude of sins. And yet there was no one more ready to forgive and forget when she saw any evidence of penitence for the wrong done.

Her laugh was hearty and contagious and her singing joyous and inspiring. She was really the spiritual center of almost any religious gathering. She took a deep interest in all the affairs of the church and Christian community, in fact with the work of the mission everywhere. She often exposed herself to hardship, privation and real suffering to attend the quarterly meetings of the district in little and out-of-the-way churches.

She was a member of our household for nearly four years so I think we can say that we knew her very well and the more one became acquainted the more one saw her real worth.

She was most generous with her means. Very often at the end of the quarter she would find herself out of funds. She was most frugal with her own expenses but simply could not see a case of real need without helping. One time when she was out of money I said to her, "Miss Coombs, whatever will become of you when you are old? You will die in the poor house!" She thought that perhaps sometime she would get enough together to secure a place in some old ladies' home. She was one who was ever ready to accept work wherever she was most needed. If in Midnapore, her first station, that would suit her well; but if called to Balasore or wherever needed it was all the same. If schools needed her or the orphanage, or widows' home or zenana work she said with one of old, "Here am I; send me."

She made eight trips halfway around the world, but none of her furloughs were of long duration and they were usually filled with work among the churches.

She was born in West Bowdoin, Maine, Nov. 23, 1849. She attended Litchfield Academy and the Normal School

at Farmington and taught school for ten years before going to India.

She was the editor of the little mission magazine, "Tidings," and also its financial backer. The dream of an old ladies' home which she frequently spoke of jokingly became a reality. The Old Ladies' Home was her own home given to her by a friend, and the Society very justly supplied her simple needs. In this home resided Miss Jeanette Coombs and Miss Luella Williams, nieces, who cared for her as tenderly as if she had been their own mother. Her last illness was not of long duration. Pneumonia set in following a hard cold and on Jan. 14, 1927, she finished her earthly career. Her funeral was on a day when one of the blizzards of Maine swept the country, but the kind and thoughtful neighbors kept the roads passable. Dr. Geo. H. Hamlen, a coworker in India, conducted the service, paying a fitting tribute to one who had given her life to a cause.

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true."

Julia Emma Phillips Burkholder

Mrs. Burkholder was born in Jellasore, India, June 5, 1845. When eight years of age, her mother, with the help of a Santal servant, Dula, took her eight children to America leaving the father to follow later. Their destination was New Hampton, N. H., for the time being. After two years the father followed, being well-nigh broken in health after twenty years of continuous work in India. She attended school in Prairie City, Ill.; Hillsdale College, 1861; sailed for India, 1864. Such would be a sort of an outline of her life up to the time of her coming

back to India. She was in Midnapore when we arrived. She had come in probably for the double purpose of greeting us and it may be also to do some shopping, for their home was twenty miles distant at Bhimpore where there was no opportunity of buying.

I had an experience the first day we were in our field which made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. It was on this wise: The house we were to occupy, the "Bacheler House," was some sixty or eighty rods from the Phillips' house where we were staying. The house was large and the floors made of pucca (cement), and where there were cracks in the floor black tar had been put in to keep the white ants down. The floors were certainly anything but inviting. We decided at once after looking the house over that the floors must be covered with grass matting. To this end, Mrs. Phillips called a man who looks after that kind of work and sent him to the bazar with instructions to get five or six coolies and bring up to her house a number of rolls of different grades of grass matting. This was done. We selected the better grade at the higher price, then Mrs. Phillips told the man to take over what we had selected and put it down and leave the poorer rolls there and return them at noon. But the man said he would take them all over to the house and when he returned to the bazar at noon he could take the shorter road. No one mistrusted anything and this was done. About eleven o'clock I thought I would walk over and see how things were going. I was told never to go out without a cane. Dogs, snakes, cows, monkeys or possibly mad jackals might attack me. So "always take a good cane." I took one of Dr. Phillips' canes and walked over. What should I find but the floors almost covered and with the poor matting. The

good was all done up ready to be returned. I had come unexpectedly. I, of course, could not say a word. I could make some gesticulations but they meant nothing to him. I wanted to cane the rascal but upon a moment's reflection I concluded that such a proceeding the first day I was in the mission field would not sound very well. And besides, the man was a pretty burly fellow for an Indian and might turn the tables. And that would be very humiliating and sound no better. So I went back to the house and blew out my wrath on those who could understand. It was now breakfast time. In fact I had kept them waiting a little for breakfast. After breakfast we had prayers. I was asked to conduct prayers. I did not feel in a prayerful frame of mind but did as well as I could under the circumstances. After I had prayed the Spirit moved Mrs. Burkholder to pray. She prayed that we might remember the "hole of the pit from whence these people were digged." That they had been surrounded with evil influences all their lives and that want and suffering often stared them in the face and that it was but human that they should sometimes take advantage when an opportunity came, and that we might cover with a mantle of charity some of their sins and weaknesses. It was a good and timely prayer. The rebuke I got I richly deserved. I thanked her for the prayer and the lesson. I profited by it all through the years of our service in India. Some of our missionaries thought I learned the lesson too well—that I was too easy with offenders. No provocation ever tempted me to raise my hand against any of my fellow India workers except, of course, I sometimes had to switch some of our unruly orphan boys. Better err on the side of forbearance than severity was my rule.

Mrs. Burkholder was in India during her mother's last illness and tenderly cared for her. It must have afforded both mother and daughter great joy to be thus together. If a parent ever needs the ministrations of a child, it is when the sands of time are running out, and every true child is glad of the opportunity of repaying in a very small measure the debt he or she owes to the parent.

I have said but little about her work at Bhimpore. Her work after their marriage was necessarily connected with that of her husband. Of this I will speak a little later.

Mrs. Burkholder finally retired from the field in 1917, and at this writing (1928) is living at Iron Mountain, Mich., enjoying a fair degree of health after a lifetime of service in India.

Rev. Thos. Burkholder, M.D.

I was running the mission press in Midnapore in 1884 and at that time Mr. Burkholder was getting out a lot of literature for his Santal work. This caused us to frequently meet and I came to know him pretty well. He was an extremely hard-working man. He was a man with a very warm heart and at times could be very jolly. He was born in St. Thomas, Pa., Sept. 19, 1850. In 1869, we find that he was a student in Hillsdale College. Just how long he was here the records do not show, but they do show that he graduated from the Pennsylvania State College in 1874 and from Crozer Theological Seminary in 1877 and was ordained in 1878. He graduated from the medical department of the University of New York in 1892 while home on furlough. He was therefore well equipped for almost any line of service which came to his hand to do. He was married to Julia Phillips in Jella-

sore, India, November, 1879, Dr. J. L. Phillips officiating. During the year that we were at Midnapore the Burkholders were in Bhimpore among the Santals, where they had been for some years before and where they continued some years after. Here it will be recalled that some years before Miss Julia Phillips and Dr. J. L. Phillips and his wife lived and laid the foundation for a great work among the Santals. Mr. and Mrs. Burkholder enlarged and strengthened the work. To speak of their work in detail would consume much time and space. For one thing, they had a large and growing church and Christian community. They had a Santal preacher as pastor it is true, and he was a good and faithful man, but the church required more or less supervision; also a boys' and girls' orphanage, a training school to prepare teachers for the many little schools scattered over the country. Then these schools had to be looked after. There were inspectors to go around and see what was being done and give advice but after all the missionary must supervise the work. The Government makes a large monthly grant for these Santal schools because the Santals are a backward people. It wants especially to encourage education among the aboriginal tribes. And the looking after grants and keeping records requires a lot of work. But for these grants the work would have to be reduced by three-fourths. Why any missionary or any Board should wish to drop Government grants is beyond my understanding. The Government realizes its obligation to the missionary for the work he does and is glad to help him carry on this work. Stop the grants and we at one stroke cut off the opportunity of most of the children to get an education at all; and indirectly, the opportunity to Christianize them.

In many places all over this Santal country where schools have been in operation for some time a little church has sprung up. And these churches also were under their care. They trained native pastors to look after this work, but the pastors in turn must be looked after. That is the way to develop and train our Indian helpers. It may truly be said of Mr. and Mrs. Burkholder that the "desert was made to blossom as the rose." After he received his degree as M.D., a whole man's work was added to his other duties. The last work he did was being principal of the Christian Boys' High School at Balasore. It was here that he died, Nov. 15, 1903.

Miss Mollie Miller

We found Miss Miller one of our four missionaries in Midnapore. She was on hand to greet us as soon as we came from our room. I know little of her early life except the little that I may have been able to snatch from conversations on other subjects from time to time. She was a Southern woman, I think from North Carolina. I am of the impression that her father had slaves during slavery days. I would judge this by her imperious manner if nothing else. It is certain that she had from childhood been brought up with horses. She could ride a horse with a grace and ease which made the English ladies of the station see green. And the faster the horse went the better it suited her. I think on a few occasions she even played polo. She certainly knew the rules of the game. She was tall, fine in figure, beautiful in feature, bright and witty in conversation and active in her movements. Just the kind of a woman who would shine in society and one who would be indifferent to things concerning the

kingdom of God. But the fact is she was just the reverse. She was as intent on her mission work as she was as a horseback rider. As soon in the morning as she had her *chota hazarie* she was off to the bazar and all the forenoon through in the stifling atmosphere she would attend to her work. At eleven, she would come home while the sun beat down mercilessly on her carriage. She would sometimes almost stagger from exhaustion. The bath, some breakfast, a rest of two hours and she was ready to repeat the program of the morning. Earlier in life she went to Africa under some faith mission but came near losing her life from sheer want. Some way she got to Calcutta and there Dr. Phillips discovered her and brought her to our mission. Not long after Mr. Jewson of the English Baptist mission in Calcutta came up to Midnapore to observe the methods of our Bible school. He saw Miss Miller and the die was cast. Miss Miller became Mrs. Jewson. She went to Calcutta. We occasionally called on them. They had one daughter and possibly more. Our paths diverged and we never saw Mollie again but the memory of the year she spent in our home is pleasant to recall.

Dorcas Folsom Smith

On the great turnpike running nearly the whole length of India is situated the mission station of Jellasore, midway between the cities of Midnapore and Balasore. Jeremiah Phillips was the pioneer in opening up the work here. When we were transferred to Balasore it was over this road we traveled and this place was our objective for the second night. These were days long before the Madras Railway was built. Our caravan consisted of

about five native carts, a very small pony wagon for the children, a larger four-wheeled wagon drawn by bullocks for ourselves and a phaeton carriage drawn by a horse. To say the least, people paused in their work to look at the train. We reached Jellasore sometime after dark. Here we found Mrs. Smith ready to welcome us and ready to provide for our every need. Mrs. Smith at that time was in charge of a large girls' orphanage situated in Jellasore. Here was where Miss Crawford lived so long and it was here she passed on to her reward and a monument marks her final resting place. Mrs. Smith was the successor of a great missionary. Mrs. O. R. Bacheler has given us the story of the devoted life of Miss Crawford. On the death of Miss Crawford someone must at once step in to take her work; for here was a large school of unprotected girls who could not be left for a single day without a responsible person in charge. Miss Harriet Phillips was the most suitable available person at once to take the school and she bravely assumed the task and kept the school until Mrs. Smith's return. But the mantle of Miss Crawford was ultimately to fall upon Mrs. Smith, and no more capable person could have been found. I was very closely connected with her. She seemed to have some confidence in my judgment and consulted me on many occasions. She was a woman of remarkable executive ability. In the homeland she might have superintended some great plant. When the girls' orphanage came into her hands she saw at once that the logical place for it under present conditions was not Jellasore but Balasore. A glance at the situation was enough to convince anyone of the wisdom of such a move. When the matter was laid before the committee, we all

at once saw it in the same light she did. We only wondered we had not seen it before.

It had been arranged that we were to move into the house in Balasore owned by Mrs. Smith. The family that moved out was the son of the renowned General Havelock of Indian Mutiny days. After we were nicely settled, Mrs. Smith came to me with the proposal that we buy the property. I ascertained the price and at once agreed to take it. I made the initial payment and took out the papers. Then I wrote the Board telling them what I had done. I told them that I did it entirely on my own responsibility and that they were under no obligations to take the property, but if they wanted it at what I gave they could have it. If not, I would keep it myself. I told the Board I considered it one of the most valuable sites in the city. They at once took the property. Mrs. Smith had her eye on a piece of property a little way out of the city which she thought would be a very suitable place for the girls' orphanage. She wished me to go with her and carefully examine the condition of the house. We examined the walls, the roof, the timbers, the door and window frames. In fact we made a most thorough examination to see what condition the house was in. We found that the house had been well built and was (for India) in a good state of preservation. She closed the bargain for the house and as soon as sufficient repairs were completed the girls were taken on the premises. The purchase was made possible through the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair of America. Mrs. Smith was very quiet and queenly in her manner. When she wanted a thing done there was no fume and bluster. She simply made her wishes known to the

proper person and no one thought of anything else but carrying out her wishes. This was true of both the girls in the school and all her household. She was the daughter of a Free Baptist minister, Rev. Moses Folsom. She was born in Williamstown, Vt., July 20, 1827. She had not the opportunity of an education such as she desired but she made the most of what she did have. She completed her school education in the high school in Manchester, N. H. She was very studious all her life and therefore had a well-stored mind. At the age of twelve she dedicated her life to the service of her Lord, and her ideal of service was being a missionary. When twenty-five years of age, she married Rev. B. B. Smith, of Sandwich, N. H., and the same year, 1852, they sailed for India. She was most devoted to her husband and had his companionship twenty years. He died in Balasore in 1872. A nice lot and monument in our churchyard at Balasore, which she always kept in the best of repair, marks the place where he lies. She had four furloughs in America but these were not of long duration; just long enough to recruit her strength. In 1899, after nearly fifty years of service, she concluded her work in India and started home. While in Calcutta, she was stricken with pneumonia in the home of Miss Gardner. On Feb. 11, 1899, she was buried in the old Circular Road cemetery in Calcutta where there are many missionary graves.

No words of mine can add anything to such a record. It can be said of her not only that she has done what she could, but that she could do a great and constructive work.

Rev. Milo J. Coldren, D.D.

Our Annual Conference was held in Bhimpore the year we arrived in India. The Burkholders were the only missionaries in that station. It therefore devolved on them to entertain all the missionaries who came and all were supposed to come who possibly could. It was no light task but they were equal to the occasion. As this was the dry season the roads were fairly good so we had no trouble in getting there. If the rains had been on it would have been a different proposition. Mr. and Mrs. Coldren were among the first arrivals at the Conference. I had known him in Hillsdale very well. We were members of the same literary society. He had graduated from the classical course with his degree of B.A. the year before I entered but he did not finish his theological course until two years later, 1878. To a large extent he had to provide his own means to get through college, so he taught school and worked his way through as best he could. He was born in LaGrange, Ind., June 2, 1850. He received his license to preach when he was twenty-one years of age. Oct. 9, 1878, he married Alice Sanburn, the daughter of a Free Baptist minister. She died March 29, 1879. I can but speak of her though I never saw her. Dr. Joseph Mauck, who has gone to no end of trouble and pains to look up data for me, says of her: "A princess in personal beauty, sweet of spirit, superior in mind and very refined." I speak of her because she was the wife of my dear friend.

It is perfectly safe to say that a more popular student never entered Hillsdale College than Mr. Coldren. He was bright, good looking, good natured, cheerful, with

a smile for everyone and knew almost everybody. His favorite song was—

"Always cheerful, always cheerful,
Sunshine all around we see;
Full of beauty is the path of duty,
Cheerful may we always be."

He really did not have much of a voice for singing and yet, always when occasions seemed disheartening, bursting into this song would change sad faces into smile and laughter. He was always an evangelist. There were always accessions to the churches to which he ministered. He preached evangelical sermons and seconded his efforts by a godly life and by personal effort. He heard the call for service in India and offered himself to our Board. But for lack of funds they could not accept him. Then he proposed to raise his own salary for five years and his own passage money if the Board would give permission. This it was glad to do and he went about the task of soliciting funds. He came to our literary society and presented his case. I think we about all made a pledge. I know I did and faithfully kept it. But there were many who did not. They let him go down into the deep dark pit and forgot to hold the ropes. The pledges were so far behind when we arrived in India that he was greatly put to it to make ends meet. He took steerage passage as far as England in order to save that much money. He sailed Oct. 11, 1879. After a time he was put on the same footing as all the other missionaries.

He had a very keen sense of humor. He derived a lot of real fun out of the following incident. While he

was around raising his salary he went to our church in Lansing, Mich. He spoke there in the morning and was invited to the home of an acquaintance for dinner. After dinner the man of the house asked him to come into the parlor for a little conversation. Of course Mr. Coldren's hopes began to rise. He knew the man was well-to-do. Then the man told him that he was interested in his efforts and was going to help him. He did not care to send his gifts to any treasurer but would give it direct. Now, thought Mr. Coldren, something worth while is coming. The man pulled out a twenty-five cent piece and handed to him. Of course he neither expressed amusement nor contempt, though I suspect he felt both. But it surely did give him a lot of pleasure in after years telling it.

We spent our first vacation with the Coldrens in Balasore. At that time he was the only male missionary of our mission in the city.

We were sent to Balasore early in the year 1885, so that Mr. Coldren could open work in Chandbali. Of his going there, I will speak a little later. I want to tell another experience illustrating his cheerful nature. At one time we were going to Midnapore to attend an Annual Conference. Then it took four days to make the journey. Now about three hours. There were in our company Mrs. Smith and Jessie Hooper. They rode in Mrs. Smith's large and comfortable bullock four-wheeled carriage. I had my native bullock cart for our luggage and in this Mr. Rae rode. Mr. Coldren, Mr. Brown and I rode in my pony cart. We expected to spend the last night at the Naranghar bungalow. There are rest houses built by the government for the accommodation of officials but they may also be used by other Europeans. It was

sundown when we arrived. We saw at once that everything was full. There were even a lot of tents spread about here and there. I went to the door to find out just what the situation was. The magistrate's wife met me at the door and explained the situation. A party of gentlemen from Calcutta, together with a number of officials from Midnapore, were there for a bear hunt, and so everything was full. She expressed regret that there was not room even for our ladies. I told her it was perfectly all right and we would find some place to pass the night. We drove on a half-mile and found a nice grassy place under a large tree. Here we decided to pass the night. We pulled in our conveyances and began to plan. Mrs. Smith and Jessie could sleep in the carriage quite comfortably. We planned that two could sleep under the carriage on the ground by fastening our mosquito curtains to the four wheels to keep out not only mosquitoes but any stray snake, centipede or scorpion which might be prowling about. One could sleep in the bullock cart. But just where the fourth man would sleep we had not yet decided. It was a rather perplexing question. Just then Mr. Coldren put his arms around the necks of two of us and burst out in one of his cheerful songs. We all began to laugh. At that moment the magistrate appeared on the scene. He heard the song and laughter and joined in. He then said if we gentlemen wanted to go to the police station near by, he could provide cots. This we did and had a comfortable sleep—I think the first and perhaps last night for any of us in a police station.

In the course of Mr. Coldren's travels through the district he had visited Chandbali. It seemed to him a strategic point for the spreading of the good news. This was the terminal for a line of seagoing vessels from

Calcutta. Also the terminal for the canal boats from Cuttack. Thousands of pilgrims came and went on these boats. Here is where they had to change. It often happened that they would have to wait for hours and even a day or so. To accommodate these waiting pilgrims the company had built a large shed. What a chance for preaching. It was this opportunity which brought the Coldrens to Chandbali. Here he built a mission house, a church, a schoolhouse and other things necessary for the carrying on of the work of a missionary.

During one of his furloughs in America he raised $25,000 for the endowment of the Christian Boys' High School in Balasore.

His Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of D.D. in recognition of his splendid services.

The last year of his service in India was carrying on the English work in the Kharagpore church. He was greatly beloved by the people here and they were loath to give him up. But he did not regain his health and he saw that his work for India was about done. He came home, arriving in New York, May 23, 1910.

There were born to them during their first term in India four children, Reuben Leroy being the only one to live to manhood. The others died in infancy. Edna was born in Hillsdale, Mich., in 1890, and Arthur in Chandbali, India, 1895. Mr. Coldren died in Hillsdale, July 26, 1911. It was from his old enemy, gallstones, which they hoped to remedy by an operation, but he did not rally.

Mrs. Emma Smith Coldren

Mrs. Emma Smith Coldren was born in Ionia County, Mich., June 22, 1853. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, he being a Free Baptist minister. She graduated from Hillsdale College with the degree of B.S. in 1881. She went to India in 1882 to meet her betrothed husband, Milo J. Coldren, and they were united in marriage, Nov. 28, 1882, Dr. J. M. Thoburn, afterwards Bishop Thoburn, performing the ceremony. Their first home was in Balasore. Two of their children were born in Balasore, one of them in our home. One of these died in infancy, and one a sweet little girl, died when about two years of age. In 1892, Mr. and Mrs. Coldren returned to Chandbali bringing Edna with them. Their youngest son, Arthur, who is now a minister to a Baptist church in Michigan, was born here, Oct. 24, 1895. Edna is a trained nurse in California.

Mrs. Coldren was a woman of wonderful poise. She apparently was neither elated by success nor dejected by disappointment. She set a good example to some of us more impatient ones by never showing impatience or anger. If she were moved by these emotions she had them under complete control.

Sometimes she went with her husband on his evangelistic tours, but more often she stayed in the station looking after the affairs there and the details of the work which others might overlook. The different kinds of work which usually falls to the lot of a missionary's wife she endeavored to do.

The last year of their labors in India was spent with the English work in Kharagpore. They returned to Hillsdale in 1910. After the death of her husband she contin-

ued to live there until the end came for her. She died, May 7, 1927, and went to join her husband after a separation of sixteen years.

Harriet Preston Phillips Stone

Harriet Preston Phillips was born in Jellasore, India, March 11, 1848. She was the daughter of Rev. Jeremiah and Hannah Cummings Phillips. When she was five and one-half years of age, her mother, with eight children, sailed for America with the help only of a Santal servant, Dula, to care for the children. The eldest of these was but twelve years old and the youngest, Nellie, who afterwards became a medical missionary to India, was but a year old. They sailed from Calcutta, Dec. 23, 1853, and they landed in Boston, May 13, 1854. We can see what such a voyage would mean. Eight lively children with only the deck of a ship on which to play and for four and one-half months. Upon landing in Boston, they were taken to the home of Rev. D. P. Cilley, a near relative of my own wife, and there were entertained until such time as they could be sent on to New Hampton, N. H., which was to be their home for the time being. They had in mind New Hampton because of the school privileges as well as other associations. Here they settled and stayed until the return of the husband two years later. After the return of the father to America, they decided to move to Whitestown, N. Y. This would be about the year 1857. Mr. Phillips, not regaining his health, handed his resignation to the Board, which was reluctantly accepted. Here he was now with a family of thirteen children, nearly all of them depending on him for support and he in poor health.

Of course the first consideration was food for the family and the second was the regaining of his health. With this double object in mind the family moved to Iowa, near Iowa City, where he purchased twelve acres of land and established a market garden. We may be sure that every child who was able to work donned his or her working clothes after school hours and contributed according to ability in the growing of these vegetables and preparing them for the market. Thus early was developed those traits of character: self-reliance, independence, frugality and industry which had a marked influence on the lives of all the children. The experiences of these children "out west" on this little farm are very interesting but I must pass them over. It was found after a time that the school privileges here were not adequate and knowing of an academy at Prairie City, Ill., thither the family moved. The records show that a number of the children were baptized there in 1861. Miss Harriet must have been fitted for college in this academy. The family here must have been broken up in the year 1864, for we find Miss Harriet Phillips was a graduate of Hillsdale College in 1868, and in 1864, the father, mother, Dr. J. L. Phillips and wife, Miss Julia and the little daughter, Ida, were all on their way back to India. In passing, I may say that seven of the children graduated in Hillsdale College and one, James, in Bowdoin College. A record perhaps unequaled in the history of any family in America. As this sketch of childhood life is equally applicable to all of the children who were my missionary associates in India, it will not be necessary for me to repeat it in speaking of others. Miss Phillips taught school ten years in and about Chicago, and sailed for India, 1878. Her first station was

Dantoon. It would be hard to conceive of a place which required more faith and devotion on the part of a young woman than Dantoon. The place was isolated, i.e., there was not a European resident within twelve miles. In the second place it always appealed to me as being a center of Hindu conservatism. While applying herself to the study of the language she found opportunity in the homes among the women and elsewhere for work. On the death of Miss Crawford she was asked to take the work of the girls' orphanage at Jellasore, which she did, and this was her work until the return of Mrs. Smith. Miss Phillips was also for a time lady principal of the Bible school, a position she was well qualified to fill and a situation which needed just such a woman of high Christian ideals to impress upon the women real Christian character.

In Balasore, a good share of her work was in the homes of Hindu women but she also had a large work in our Christian community. There were mothers' meetings, children's meetings, W. C. T. U. meetings, superintendency of the Sunday school, work in the kindergarten, editing of the temperance paper, etc. She ultimately retired from the field in 1904, having married Irving Stone, a well-to-do manufacturer of printing presses in Battle Creek, Mich. Miss Phillips first met Mr. Stone when she was a girl, thirteen years of age, at Prairie City, Ill., and he a young man of twenty. He married some other girl, reared a family, lost his wife and then came halfway around the world to marry his first love. Mrs. Stone served the mission for twenty-six years. I may add that she compiled a book giving the genealogy of the Phillips family. Her interest in the mission by no means closed with her marriage. She

and her husband had a fine brick church and mission house built in Kharagpore as a "Phillips Memorial."

At this writing, Mrs. Stone is living in Battle Creek, Mich. She is a widow, Mr. Stone having died some years ago.

In connection with the securing of the ground for the church and mission house here I have cause for joy and gratitude. When we arrived on the field in 1904, Mr. Oxreider took me over the ground in Kharagpore and pointed out the site which they wanted for the church and mission house. The railway owned all the land and the local agent had not been very friendly to Dissenters and no advancement had been made. At our annual meeting, Mr. Lougher and I were appointed a committee to go to Calcutta and see the General Agent. We went. Mr. Lougher thought one could do as well as two and relegated his power to me. I alone went to "beard the lion in his den." I had a good deal of difficulty in getting into the inner sanctuary but when once there I found a very affable man and a conversation of ten minutes secured for us this most valuable site of land.

Ida Orissa Phillips

Ida Orissa Phillips, daughter of Jeremiah and Hannah Cummings Phillips, was born in Whitestown, N. Y., July 24, 1856. The activities of the family in Iowa and Illinois where they lived for a time have already been told. It is quite safe to say that even little Ida was not inactive but did her part. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, having secured homes for all of the children needing homes, started back for India and had arrived in Boston. Some of the more motherly women seeing how badly Mrs. Phil-

lips felt, told her that she must not go thus bereft of her children but must send for Ida. This wise counsel prevailed and Ida was sent for. She was put in the hands of the conductor of the train and landed in Chicago in the care of her sister, Mary, and by her conducted to Boston. The coming of Ida must have brought both joy and pain —pain for what the child must be deprived of and joy that they had their baby with them. The party sailed out of Boston harbor, Dec. 17, 1864, and landed in Midnapore, July 1, 1865. Ida's childhood home was Jellasore. Those of us who have had the bringing up of children in India know pretty well how the days were spent. Her playmates were girls of the Christian community. Here she learned the language of the people, its accent, idioms and gestures. She could speak the language perfectly. It is quite possible that she may have spent some time each day in the village girls' school learning to read and write. Her mother also must have had regular hours of study with her each day for we find her at the early age of not more than seventeen years fitted for college. She graduated from Hillsdale in 1877, when but twenty-one years of age. In Hillsdale, she was a most active and devout Christian and exerted a most helpful influence on all who came in contact with her.

In October, 1877, she sailed for India under the Woman's Foreign Mission Society. She was qualified to enter at once into her work. Ida, being brought up with these people, had no feeling of race superiority. That is a feeling which it is difficult for missionaries to rise above. In the first place, the Anglo-Saxon knows that in many respects he is superior to the Asiatics or Africans, and in the second place, most of the people

by their cringing attitude, attribute a superior position to the white race. But Miss Ida felt at home with the people and they with her. Her work was varied like the work of nearly all missionaries. She had some schools under her care. She did not neglect evangelism or work in the Christian community. Previous to our coming to Balasore, she had the boys' orphanage.

After ten years of service she returned home for a period of rest. She died suddenly in Winnebago City, Minn., in 1889, being but thirty-three years of age. It seemed as if she were but on the threshold of a long and useful life.

Miss Jessie Hooper

Miss Hooper served two terms in India. The first was from 1878 to 1884 and the second, 1886 to 1892. She was in Balasore for the most part and our near neighbor during her last term. She was from New Brunswick and a very loyal subject of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. In a friendly way we very often had some lively tilts over the respective merits of Uncle Sam and John Bull. Jessie was very fond of the people and they of her and she was very devoted to her work. A few words from her report in 1889 will show her attitude and some of her work: "Under my care there are four schools distant from Balasore two, three and four miles. Scarcely a week passes that I do not receive requests to open more schools. This I am not inclined to do for I resolved more than a year ago to devote my time, strength and funds to evangelistic work." She speaks of her happy experiences of going with her Bible women into the homes of both poor and rich with the message of salvation through Christ. Miss Hooper

worked under the great handicap of a frail constitution. Her last report was cut short because she was not able physically to complete it. She finally returned to America in 1892.

Rev. F. D. and Mrs. George

Mr. and Mrs. George arrived in India in December, 1884. I was in Calcutta to meet them as was also Dr. J. L. Phillips. It had been decided that Mr. and Mrs. George were to be located in Midnapore. I have before me as I write their annual reports of our mission for the years 1886-87-88. Mr. George, in making his report for the year 1885 speaks of his application to the study of the language and also in using his English to reach the English-speaking Bengali gentlemen. This was in an English service established by Dr. Phillips. In this service held each Sunday night in Dr. Phillips' house, Mr. George alternated with Dr. Phillips until the latter went to Simla to have charge of the Union chapel there for a season. Afterwards for a time he carried on the English work alone until Dr. Harry Bacheler arrived. He then alternated with Mr. George. He also frequently gave addresses down in the city on religious and social subjects. For a time part of his work was given to the Bible school as well as having charge of the mission press.

Mrs. George did what she could to help her husband in his work. She was by no means well and was a woman of immaculate tastes. The environment was a source of constant annoyance. She must see the place where her food was prepared and the more she saw of it the less she enjoyed her food. She tried to reform the cook but there is little use in trying to reform a

Mohammedan cook. The only way to be sure of clean cooks is to bring them up in our Christian communities.

We had a Mohammedan cook once named Ali Backus. We never wanted another, although Ali was a wonderfully resourceful man to take on country tours. He could find fowls, eggs and milk in a desert. This digression may throw some light on the question of cooks. One night we had chicken soup for dinner. I had been taught to eat what was set before me and ask no questions. I had eaten my soup pretty well up and so had the children but my wife seemed dainty. She kept tasting. Finally she said, "What is the matter with this soup?" I myself had noticed that it tasted a little queer but I thought it was some new kind of spice Ali had flavored it with. He was always getting something new so I thought but little about it. But my wife began to look closely and investigate. She saw that there were hundreds of little red ants in the soup. The water in the cook house under the table legs had evaporated and the carcass of the fowl had been covered with these and all unnoticed by Ali had been thrown into the pot for soup. Mrs. Griffin had long been chafing under poor old Ali. This was the last straw. Well, he has long since gone to whatever paradise there is for the faithful Mohammedan.

Mrs. George's health failed after but three years in the country and they returned to America where she soon after died. It has been long years since I have heard anything concerning Mr. George.

Dr. Harry M. Bacheler

Dr. Harry M. Bacheler, son of Dr. Otis and Sarah Bacheler, was born in Balasore, India, June 16, 1848. Mrs. Bacheler's failing health, together with the fact that Dr. Bacheler had been in the country twelve years with no vacation, made a voyage to America necessary. The party sailed out of Calcutta, Dec. 22, 1851, via the Cape of Good Hope. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Bacheler, there were the two boys of Dr. Jeremiah Phillips and his own family consisting of Albert, Maria, Kate, Harry and Frank. During the voyage, between the Cape and London, a baby girl was born. A severe type of whooping cough broke out and while they tarried in London, Kate died. It was surely dark days for the Bachelers, strangers in a great strange city where they must leave the remains of their precious child. New Hampton was their destination where the family lived and the children attended school. Harry, of course, had all the advantages the schools of New Hampton could give him. He evidently made the most of his opportunities for we find that in the summer of 1877 he graduated from the Medical Department of the University of New York. He married Eliza Dean, of Summit, N. J., November 29th, of the same year. In 1879, they sailed for Africa as missionaries under the Presbyterian Board. They returned to America in 1883 and on Dec. 14, 1886, landed in Calcutta under the Free Baptist Board. Dr. Harry died, Nov. 26, 1890.

It would be hard to find a more kind hearted man than he and one who would put himself out more to help a person in need. He was a fine musician and his cornet was a great attraction in the bazar. His medical

training was of great help to him and especially in these central stations. He was in Midnapore the first year and while studying the language helped in the English services.

The circumstances of his death were pathetic. He came down to Balasore to do some shopping. I was away out in the country some twelve miles in my tent doing evangelistic work. He came at first to our house and took dinner with my wife. After dinner, she asked for some music. He told her that he would be glad to do anything in the world for her but that he really did not feel able to play just then.

He went over to Mrs. Phillips and Dr. Nellie Phillips to spend the night. A little after midnight, Dr. Nellie heard a noise in his room and went in to find him breathing his last. At daylight, a messenger was sent to me with the news. He had to run all the distance and I had a pony and cart with which to get home and the best I could do was four miles per hour. By the time I arrived it was noon. The permission had to be secured from the magistrate for burial in the government cemetery, a coffin made and the body laid away before dark. It may be in Calcutta there are undertakers but not out in country cities. I had to make the coffin myself. I got some rough boards, the best I could find. We went to the bazar and got some black cambric to cover the outside and some white muslin for the lining and just as the sun was setting we laid his tired body in the grave, all before it were possible that his wife could know one thing about it. The same day Dr. Nellie Phillips was dispatched with the news but she could not reach Jellasore until the following morning. His wife's first words were, "Where is Harry?" Then the truth dawned upon her.

Eliza Dean Bacheler

Eliza Dean was born in Summit, N. J., Nov. 15, 1854. She graduated in the high school of Summit and married Dr. Harry Bacheler. But a statement of these bare facts throws but little light on the real woman. She was, in all respects, a great contribution to our mission. She was beautiful in feature, immaculate in her personal habits, had a warm heart for all, a hospitable home for any belated missionary, loved the people and was loved by them. She took a deep interest in the welfare of all about her. She was brave, hopeful and zealous. When her husband died, she had three little children and was soon expecting a fourth. Her duty was plain. These required her first care. She could not bring them up alone in India. She must return to her native land and her kindred. As soon as prudent after the birth of the youngest, Mary, she came home. With her own hands and head she provided for her children, gave them an education and is now living in Summit, the place of her birth, surrounded by her children and grandchildren and a host of friends who rise up to call her blessed.

Rev. A. B. Boyer

A soft, plaintive chord seems to vibrate in my heart at the very mention of the name. The Boyers were our nearest neighbors while they were in India and we were fast friends. In looking through my diary, I find now and again such entries as these: "We took dinner with the Boyers." "Boyers dined with us." Please do not think we did nothing but dine with each other. This was the evening meal after the close of the day's work and a bit of recreation. I find many other entries. The Boyers

landed in Calcutta, Dec. 14, 1886. There were in this company Mr. and Mrs. Boyer, Dr. Harry Bacheler and wife and his mother, Miss Ella Butts and Mabel Griffin. Our annual conference was to convene in Midnapore at once after the landing of these missionaries. The Boyers attended and as soon as the conference was over they departed for their home which was to be Balasore. They impressed me as being rather dignified and quiet. But upon closer acquaintance, I found them to be most social and affable and with a large capacity for real fun. Mr. Boyer was a very scholarly man. He had stood high in the University of New Brunswick from which he graduated, receiving a gold medal for proficiency. He literally devoured the Oriya language. He carried a dictionary with him and for every new word he heard he must know its meaning and its use. He soon became proficient in the use of the language, being able to preach very well in the bazar at the end of his first year. He had a consuming passion for the conversion of the people to Christianity. To this end he was diligent in season and out of season. The church at Ujurda is entirely the fruits of his labor. He brought Ganga Dhar to know his Lord and Ganga has rendered great service in the kingdom of his Lord not only by his preaching but more especially by his translations of the life of Christ into Oriya verse. Mr. Boyer was as zealous for the deepening of the spiritual life of the church as for the conversion of the Hindus. He entered into the activities of the church, as the Sunday School, the Christian Endeavor, prayer meetings and the preaching services, with zeal. Could his life have been lengthened to four-score years what might he not have done?

To him belongs the credit for the establishing of the Balasore Boys' Christian High School. He soon saw that the missionary alone could not do this work; that we must raise up from our Christian communities men with an education to carry on the work. To this end we needed a higher grade of school than we had. So this school was decided on. But to buy land and build would take a long time and much money. There came just then a providential opening. Mr. Bond, of Cuttack, owned about the finest property in Balasore for such a purpose. It was offered for sale. Mr. Boyer heard of it and came over to see me about it and to see whether we dared venture to write to Mr. Bond about it. I said, "Do not wait to write. Send an urgent telegram telling Mr. Bond that we will take the place. We will trust Providence for the means." He did that. The next day the Raja of Balasore wrote Mr. Bond that he would take it. Mr. Bond informed him that it was sold and that he was too late.

I am again looking over my diary. I turn to the record of May 30, 1891: "Brother Boyer taken ill this morning." June 1, "Brother Boyer very ill." June 2, "Sitting up all night at the Boyers." Day after day is a repetition of the same. June 8, I find this record: "This morning, at 3 A.M., Brother Boyer left us. After being up almost every night for the past week, today I make Mr. Boyer's coffin and we bury him in the native cemetery." Here were two young men who came to India on the same vessel, in 1886, and now within five months of the death of one the other dies and I make the coffin of each and bury them. Those were sad days for our mission. I was home alone and my wife up at Mussourie, a thousand miles away, and she in a very

precarious condition. I should have gone to her before but for the illness of Mr. Boyer.

Alden B. Boyer was born at Somerville, N. B., Aug. 27, 1860. He was converted and baptized when twelve years of age but he was twenty before he fully consecrated himself to his Lord. He was a most earnest evangelist in the homeland by personal effort. He had a great talent for education. At sixteen he attended the Normal school and then taught for a time earning money to attend the University of New Brunswick. Here he won a gold medal for proficiency in Mental and Moral Philosophy and the medal was presented to him by Lord Lansdowne, who was at that time Governor-General of Canada. He became Viceroy of India during Mr. Boyer's days in India and Mr. Boyer called on him and showed him the medal. He received him very graciously and made him a donation for the high school, "for old acquaintance' sake."

Mr. Boyer married Clara Shea in July, 1886. He was ordained October 11 of that same year and sailed for India almost immediately after his ordination. They arrived in Calcutta, Dec. 14, 1886.

Clara Boyer (Sunder)

Now and again we find just a common everyday sort of person who is a missionary, but the rule is that if you come to know the inner life of most of these you will find that they possess remarkable traits of character. This can surely be said of Mrs. Boyer. The day following the death of her husband, I was over at her house helping to get some papers in order. She said to me: "Will my flowers ever seem beautiful to me again?" She had

a large collection of them. "Will the sun ever shine brightly for me again?" I tried to reassure her as best I could. But while it seemed as if the joy had all gone out of her life she took upon her none-too-large shoulders the burden of the husband and her own. The boys' orphanage, which had been in our hands over six years, was made over to the Boyers in February 1891. This was quite a large orphanage consisting of about forty boys. Here surely was a great care. She had two little girls of her own, Bessie and Aurilla. These must have a mother's attention. Then the young people of the Christian village in whom her husband had been deeply interested, she at once took upon her own heart. There was the church at Ujurda that her husband had rescued from heathenism which was at once her care. In fact she seemed to take the double load and carry it well and successfully. When she found out that Dr. Nellie Phillips was to return to America and would be willing to take her children, she decided that for the good of the children, she must part with them for a time and send them home. Now bereft both of husband and children, she still stayed at the post of duty.

She was born at Grafton, N. B., 1863. Her father, a Canadian farmer, married Miss Morrow, an American lady. Her mother's father was a Baptist minister and her mother had two brothers who were prominent ministers of Baptist churches in Massachusetts and Maine and graduates of Newton. Her mother's sister, Miss Sarah Barrows, was a missionary in Burma twenty-five years. It can be seen that she came from a stock which were successful religious workers. In speaking of the return of the children to America, we happened to be in London at the same time Dr. Nellie Phillips and these two little tots

were. I went to the train with them in London to see them safely off for Liverpool. That was the last time I ever saw them. I am told that Bessie, the elder, is now a grandmother.

Mrs. Boyer after a time found it was not good for a woman to be alone any more than it is for a man to be alone, so she took a husband, Dr. Sunder, a surgeon in the Civil Service in Bengal. Some years ago, they came back to Mrs. Boyer's native town, Woodstock, N. B. Mrs. Boyer has not lost her interest in the cause. She is at present president of the Baptist Women's Societies for the Maritime Provinces. Some time ago she wrote the life of Ganga Dhar Rath. It is a most interesting little booklet. Ganga was a convert of Mr. Boyer. He was a Brahman and as such has a hold on his own people. See the sketch of him in another place.

Ella May Butts

Ella May Butts, daughter of Rev. E. H. and Delphina P. Butts, was born in New Portland, Maine, Feb. 22, 1852, and became a Christian in 1870. Following her graduation from the Lewiston High School in 1869, she taught for three years in the public schools of Lewiston. These later years she lived in the home of Prof. B. F. Hayes and wife. With them in 1873, she sailed for Europe spending two years in the study of languages. Immediately on her return, Miss Butts was called to teach French and German at the New Hampton Institute.

Here she remained eleven years, the last three as lady principal. How acceptably she served may be judged from the words of the principal of the institute, Prof.

Meservy: "She was a thorough, faithful, helpful, painstaking, persevering, unselfish, enthusiastic, conscientious teacher. Her influence was always womanly and Christian. She was thoroughly loyal to the school, the denomination, and the Savior. We were very sorry to accept her resignation, but concluded she had a higher call." The "higher call" was to leave a place which many a woman would be glad to occupy and go where so few are willing to go, and where the need of Christian workers is so great. When first approached with the suggestion, she at once replied in the negative, saying, "I have never thought I had a call to India." But on consideration she said: "When I gave my allegiance to Christ it was to serve Him when and where I was most needed. If India needs me most, I am willing to go there." In this she had the cordial approval of her father who had long been interested in missions, and was glad he had a daughter ready to give herself to this service.

Mrs. Bacheler said: "Miss Butts is full of enthusiasm in the work." Refined and cultured, she had the remarkable faculty of adapting herself to the humblest task. She had a command of scientific Bengali and of native legends that was unusual. It was a delight to her colleagues to get out with her under the evening heavens and be told of the Indian names and legends of the stars. By bent and preparation she was an educational woman, and yet for a number of years she lived alone in the jungle village of Santipore, giving of her best as an all-round station worker. Well might the Indian pastor say, "She has made herself weak and poor for us." Her scholarship was of a superior order. Previous study helped her to acquire readily a critical knowledge of the Indian languages. She had charge for a time of the

wives of the Bible school students and instructed them without assistance. The same molding influence was felt there that was so apparent in New Hampton. With a sound mind in a sound body, as a true Samaritan to the poorest and most suffering, and with no regard to their worthiness or future goodness, she ministered in that heathen land as an angel of mercy for many years. An accident made it absolutely necessary that she take a vacation in 1897, but in 1899 she was again back on the field. The foregoing are extracts from a sketch of her life kindly furnished me by Miss Porter, of Peabody, Mass.

I need only add a few words. As our daughter, Mabel, came to India in company with Miss Butts and others, I went to Calcutta to meet them. Then we frequently met at different gatherings. But we never knew Miss Butts until she came to live with us in our own home in Santipore. She came there to take charge of the Normal Training School established by Mrs. Griffin. I can say of a truth that the more one knew of Miss Butts, the more highly one esteemed her. She was brave, heroic, self-sacrificing, diligent and devoted to the last degree. After a life of long service, as she was making preparation to return to America, a malignant disease was discovered which required immediate attention. Dr. Mary Bacheler accompanied her to the Calcutta hospital. An operation was attempted but she did not come back to earth. She died March 1, 1917.

Mabel Griffin Henderson

Our daughter, Mabel, came out to India, arriving Dec. 14, 1886. She came in company with quite a large number of missionaries. As she had not completed her high school course in America, we sent her one year to Naina Tal school in charge of Miss Easton to complete the course. On our return, we were entertained at the Lall Bazar Coffee Rooms, then in charge of Geo. Henderson, now Rev. Geo. Henderson. He seemed to take a violent attachment to Mabel and in course of time they were engaged. She was in the employ of our mission only about one year. We had at the time a large industrial school and boys' orphanage and Mabel's work was principally helping her mother in the conduct of these various classes. She was married to Rev. Geo. Henderson in Midnapore, by Dr. O. R. Bacheler, Jan. 19, 1891. Of course they at once went to Calcutta to live where Mrs. Henderson assisted in the work of the seamen's mission.

Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, M.A., D.D.

Mr. Hallam was born in Worcester City, England, Jan. 1, 1833. At the age of twelve, he completed his course in the grammar school of Birmingham, England. A little later the parents moved to Canada and the boy, "Charley," attended the schools in Toronto. At the age of seventeen he dedicated his life to his Lord and was baptized by Rev. W. H. Landon. For a few years he taught school and at the age of twenty-one was ordained as a Free Baptist minister. While pastor of the church at Villa Nova he met and married Miss Phoebe Ruth Tupper. I knew Mr. Hallam and his wife when I was

a mere boy. I very well remember a farewell meeting for them in Woodstock, Ont., on the eve of their departure for India in 1856. I met them when in Canada on furlough, again in India, and lastly in Keuka Park and in the Aged Ministers' Home at Lakemont, N. Y., where they died, he Jan. 7, 1915, and she, his second wife, May 2, 1924.

The first station of the Hallams was Jellasore. Mr. Hallam had a very musical voice and a great ear for music. His mind was stored with Indian hymns and music. Not simply hymns set to English music but also to native music. He could sit down to an organ or piano and transpose this music and play it. All who ever heard him sing these Indian hymns were charmed. He had a very alert mind and a ready tongue so that he quickly acquired the language and knew how to use it. No one who ever entered our mission field after maturity so quickly and fully learned the Oriya language. He prepared a grammar in the language which for many years was a standard. In the earlier days evangelistic tours and preaching as they went was the order. His complete knowledge of the language and his musical talent was a great asset. His weak point was that he was inclined to be dictatorial, but those who knew him best knew that down deep in his heart he was kind and sympathetic. After six years of service the health of Mrs. Hallam made a voyage to America necessary. They left Calcutta, June 6, and Mrs. Hallam died Oct. 9, 1863, and was buried at sea. His daughter, Emily, then but six years of age, and afterward our near neighbor at Keuka Park, N. Y., and an infant son one month old, named Atlantis, were left now solely to his care. We can but faintly imagine the sorrow of the stricken hus-

band and father. Sea biscuit was about the only food the babe could eat. In later life I knew Atlantis well and had considerable to do with him. He partook somewhat in his nature of the restless ocean on which he was born.

For a second wife, he married Eliza Jane Leadbeater, and they again returned to India. For some reason I never quite understood, Mr. Hallam left our mission and was for some years with the English Baptist mission in Northern India. In 1890, he had again united with the Free Baptist church and again came to our mission field. He was stationed at Balasore with a view to taking over our work when we should go home, but an emergency arose in Chandbali, and the Hallams were sent there to hold the fort until the return of the Coldrens. In the meantime we were opening the new station at Contai. Mr. Ager was pushing the building as fast as possible at the time of our return. Mr. and Mrs. Hallam were our first missionaries to live in Contai.

In speaking of the Hallams, Mrs. Hallam should fill a large place. She was one of the choice spirits of the kingdom, patient, sweet, pleasant, hopeful and devoted. No man ever had a companion better adapted to his needs than she. She exerted a most salutary influence wherever she was. They retired in 1897 to Keuka Park, N. Y., where they lived until they entered the aged ministers' home already referred to.

Rev. E. B. and Mrs. Stiles

Rev. Edwin B. Stiles was born at Albany, Vermont, Jan. 16, 1860. He graduated from Bates College in 1885, and from Andover Seminary in 1888. The same year he married a college classmate, Miss Ada B. Tucker,

June 25. Not long after their marriage they sailed for India. They were located in Midnapore and Bhimpore three or four days' journey distant from our home in those days. We met about once a year. They landed in Calcutta in December, 1888, and returned in March, 1893. Mrs. Stiles was a beautiful and queenly looking woman and he a manly and generous looking man. Their very personalities were an asset. In our annual reports for 1889 I see no more mention of Mr. Stiles than that he went on a country tour in company with Sachi and one or two other preachers. Of Mrs. Stiles, it is reported that she has already taken over the work formerly in the hands of Mrs. Harry Bacheler. It is quite evident that Mr. Stiles was applying himself diligently to the study of the language.

The furlough of Mr. and Mrs. Burkholder was due in 1890 and the logical persons to take their work were Mr. and Mrs. Stiles. To Bhimpore therefore they went and there remained until the return of the Burkholders.

Because of the poor health of Mrs. Stiles, they were obliged to return to America in 1893. Soon after their return they moved to Keuka Park and became our nearest neighbors. Here we became better acquainted and learned to love them very much. Mr. Stiles and I attended the meeting of our General Conference in Winnebago City, Minn., in 1895. While there we were asked by the Foreign Mission Board, which also had a session in connection with General Conference, if we would consent to return to India at once and leave our respective wives to go later? We realized that since other missionaries had done this, we should be able to do likewise. We gave our consent. Dr. Aitchison, of Chicago, had planned for me a line of appointments through Minne-

sota, Iowa, and Illinois. All these were taken up except a few on my direct route home. I wrote my wife of the plans and that I was coming home at once to get ready to return immediately. When I arrived home I found that she was not willing that I should go back alone. Not that she was not willing to make the sacrifice but she said she knew me too well to allow me to go back alone; that I would utterly neglect my home comforts and be in my grave under two years. Probably she was right. She generally was. But Mrs. Stiles took a different view. She said if some good trusty boy from the college could be found to care for her furnace and do the heavier work about the house and live with her, she thought she could get on.

Such a boy was found in Fay Cilley, now a Baptist minister in Brown City, Mich., and a nephew of my wife. I also promised to render any help possible. December 28 saw Mr. Stiles again embarking for India. But the separation from her husband and the care of the children proved too much for her nerves and she broke under the strain. I wrote to her people in Massachusetts, and undertook the task of bringing her and her little family to her people.

Mr. Stiles had to return the following year to care for his family. He was a very valuable missionary. Whatever his hands found to do he did with his might. His influence over the young men in the Bible School of which he was head for a time was very good indeed. In the homeland he did an excellent work for the young people's societies, of which he was the General Secretary. He was also head of the home missionary work in New Hampshire for some time and was highly esteemed for his work's sake as well as for what he was.

He gave up the strenuous work of General Secretary of Evangelism in New Hampshire and took a pastorate. He appeared to be in the best of health but was stricken with apoplexy, Aug. 7, 1917, and died. Mrs. Stiles was an invalid really from the time of their return in 1893 and died in a sanitarium at Concord, New Hampshire, June 5, 1925.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ager

Mr. Ager was born in India but of purely English blood. His wife, Susie, was born in England and came to India after maturity. Mr. Ager spoke Oriya as his mother tongue. I do not know how Mrs. Ager happened to come to India though I am quite sure it was not for mission work. She was a very fine musician and it might have been for some school work along the line of music. At all events she came and they met and married. Mr. Ager was in the employ of the government in engineering lines. Mr. Coldren was instrumental in getting him enlisted in our mission. His work was largely in the line of his calling and he rendered good service building and repairing mission property in various stations. He was an upright Christian gentleman and exerted a good influence. He took up a tract of land and really founded the village of Salgardia. It is after the pattern of Santipore only on a much smaller scale. A good foundation has been laid for future work and a good work has already been done. He severed his connection with the mission some years ago while his wife stayed with us until called home.

The Agers joined our mission in the first place in 1889 and continued their connection with us thirteen years with one short interval. She died at her post after

some thirty years of service. She was a lovely and attractive woman; always hopeful, cheerful and brave under the most trying of circumstances; always ready to fit in any place where needed in any station. She was honored and beloved by all who knew her. Mr. Ager is still living in Salgardia enjoying the fruits of his labor (1928).

Amelia E. Dessa

Miss Dessa was born in Calcutta, April 25, 1863. As there were no adequate schools for children in her station, she was taught by her father and mother up to the point of matriculating in the University of Calcutta. Aside from what she received at home, she attended for a time a private school and took music and French.

In 1886, she joined us in our work at Balasore. We had organized an English school and Miss Dessa was the teacher in this as well as being an assistant for my wife in the Boys' Orphanage. After about two years in this work, because of the transference of so many parents to other stations, the school had to be closed. It was then that Miss Dessa went to Nellore in the Madras Presidency and assisted in the Girls' school in that place. Oct. 15, 1890, she had made over to her the Station Boarding School at Ongole. She was here appointed a regular missionary of the Woman's Board. As to her efficiency, it need only to be mentioned that she had the charge of this school for thirty-five years. I very much doubt if such a record can be duplicated in the annals of missionary history in India. Thirty-five years in one line of service and with very few vacations and no furlough outside the country. When she resigned the charge of

the school, she took up the work with Mohammedan women as she spoke Hindustani almost as well as English. At this writing, she is still at her post, not only visiting the harems of the high caste Mohammedans but has also a girls' school for them and a high-caste school for Hindu boys.

Rev. F. W. and Mrs. Brown

Mr. Brown, the son of a Free Baptist minister, Windsor Brown, was born in Spafford, N. Y., June 1, 1860. He was a student in Hillsdale College and graduated in the Theological Department in 1888. While pursuing his studies he supplied some churches near by and especially Manchester where he was ordained in 1887. The year he graduated he sailed for India arriving in Calcutta, December 17. His traveling companions were Mr. and Mrs. Stiles. The destination of Mr. Brown was Balasore and it was there that we expected him to locate, but he was anxious first to see Chandbali so went there. He was so impressed with the place that he wanted to be located there and assured the committee that the Lord had definitely shown him that Chandbali was his field. That is an argument which is hard to set aside and so Mr. Brown had his wish. Not very long afterwards the Coldrens left for America and Mr. Brown was left alone in the great big house. During the day all went well as there were the coming and going of steamers more or less, preaching in the bazars, schools to see after and many things to occupy his time. But when night came it was different. Sounds were magnified, rooms seemed empty and shadows flitted by. Even stealthy steps could be heard walking across the floor. In short, he got into a very nervous condition.

During the month of May, which is our hottest month, there is a general holiday in Bengal and Orissa. Government schools are closed during May as well as all mission schools. Seven miles from Balasore is the coast of the Bay of Bengal. Here the Roman Catholic mission had built a good bungalow for the use of the nuns and priests of their mission, but the priest in charge while we were there did not care for the sea, so each year I rented the bungalow for May. Thither we went. Hearing of Mr. Brown's alarming condition, we at once invited him to come to Chandipore and spend the month with us. He had a good mission boat with three boatmen so he came in his boat via the coast canal. He tied his boat to the shore while the boatmen brought his belongings to the bungalow three miles distant. He told them to return with the boat to Chandbali and when he wanted them he would send word. Then they asked for some *kawrich*, which means "expense money." It is a universal custom in India for a person involved in extra expense on account of travel to be paid expense money. This applies from the highest government official down to the lowest coolie. Mr. Brown did not want to be bothered paying out money in that way so told them he would pay it at the end of the month. They insisted, however, that they had no money to buy rice on the return trip. I ventured a suggestion that perhaps it would involve them in real hardship with nothing to eat for two days at least, but he was set on reforming the annoying custom and they went back without any *kawrich*. They tied the boat to the wharf and sought employment elsewhere. The winds and tides pounded the boat to splinters and when Mr. Brown got ready to return he had neither boat nor boatmen. It is all right to try and re-

form wicked and cruel customs, but harmless customs had better be left alone.

At Chandipore, with plenty of company, he slept like a babe and at the end of the month was quite himself again. A little later in Darjeeling, Mr. Brown met a young lady, a missionary of the Disciple Mission. They married, settling in Santipore, in charge of these central stations. They were earnest, devout and hard-working missionaries and did some good constructive work, but the temperament of Mr. Brown was not adapted to the climate and environment of India and he soon had to return to America. He united with his wife's denomination and applied to return to India but they wisely concluded not to send him back. He then united with the Seventh Day Adventists and they returned him. He was not long in India before stricken with one of the pestilent diseases that "walketh in darkness" and died. What became of Mrs. Brown I do not know.

Rev. Melville C. and Mrs. Miner

The Miners arrived in India in 1890. Their station was Midnapore and they had the advantage of staying in the one station the entire time of their sojourn in India, which is a great advantage from the language standpoint. Mr. Miner was a very strong, energetic man and wanted to see things move, while Mrs. Miner was more quiet and reserved. As I recall it, they brought a little boy, Hawley, with them. We did not often meet, being in different parts of the field; however, on one occasion we were thrown together for some days. It was in this way: For a number of years we had nominally been in possession of the sub-divisions of Contai and Tomluk although

the Methodists of Calcutta wanted to occupy Tomluk and Dr. Thoburn had so informed us. He said if we could occupy it, all right, but if not they would be glad to take over the field. We concluded that for us longer to act the part of the dog in the manger would be both short-sighted and wicked. Accordingly a committee was chosen by our yearly conference to look the ground over carefully (both Tomluk and Contai) and see which one we had better occupy or whether we could occupy both. That committee consisted of Mr. Miner, Mr. Brown and myself. We visited both these places and spent some days in each place. After carefully weighing all the possibilities, we selected Contai and also selected the ground where the mission house now stands. It had its disadvantages but all things considered that was the best. We went to the deputy magistrate and told him of our selection and asked his coöperation in securing the land for us. He was an Indian gentleman and promised full and hearty coöperation. I was asked by the committee to take the matter in hand of securing the title, so wrote the deputy magistrate several times without any results. Seeing that he was going to do nothing, I wrote the English magistrate in Midnapore and forthwith came the papers. The deputy had done nothing and intended only to lead us astray. We decided to give Tomluk to our Methodist friends who very soon opened the work there and I hear are doing well.

Mr. Miner had for a time the pastoral care of the church at Midnapore and had a general oversight of all the property, as he was for a time the only male missionary on the ground. He was also principal of the Bible school, preached in the bazar, made evangelistic tours through his district and had charge of the mis-

sion press. He was a student at Hillsdale, entering in 1885, but did not receive his degree, B.D., until 1917. He was born at Morrell, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1857, and married Anna Rebecca Root, May 25, 1874. They returned to America in 1895. Not long after Mrs. Miner died and Mr. Miner again married. He was for a time pastor of a church somewhere in New England but has long since been called home.

Dr. Geo. H. Hamlen

Mr. and Mrs. Hamlen arrived in India, Jan. 2, 1894, about ten months after we had left the country. They continued in the work nine years, returning to America in 1903. I cannot give a detailed account of all the activities of the Hamlens during this period as we were in America. During our last four years in the country they were there but their station was Balasore and ours, Santipore, about a day's journey distant, considering the river and bad roads. We therefore had but little personal touch for both of us were busy men. I wish the personal touch had been oftener and of longer duration. Dr. Hamlen was a large man physically and capable not only of doing hard physical work but mental and spiritual as well. He was not only capable but willing, never shirking a duty. Whatever his hands found to do he did with his might. He had a broad constructive vision. It was not just what would be the best for the present but what would be best for the future.

Dr. Hamlen was born in Sidney, Maine, Feb. 22, 1866. It is a little singular that three of our missionaries should have been born February 22, Washington's birthday—Dr. Hamlen, Mr. Collett and Dr. Mary Bach-

eler. Dr. Hamlen, son of Charles and Edith Hamlen, was born and brought up on a farm, which may account for some of his strength. At eighteen years of age he began in earnest to seek a better education. He fitted himself for college and graduated from Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, in 1890 and Cobb Divinity School in 1893. Like many young preachers he preached as opportunity offered while he was studying. The great work that Wilder and Foreman did in enlisting college students for missionary service included Bates College while Mr. Hamlen was there and he became a volunteer. It will be remembered that our esteemed Brother Boyer had conceived the idea of a Christian Boys' High School but had died before much was accomplished beyond the securing of the valuable quarters where the school is now located. Dr. Hamlen was appointed the first principal even before sailing and he continued in that office as long as he remained in India, also when he returned after his furlough. The school was opened June 26, 1894, when Mr. Hamlen had been in the country less than six months. It opened with only five boys. That must have been an experience which would try one's faith to the breaking point. But the school very soon began to forge ahead. It even went by leaps and bounds. It was not very long before there were one hundred and then two hundred and more.

For a time he was the only man missionary in the Balasore District and that meant that he had upon his shoulders all the clerical work in connection with the property, grants for schools, repairs, etc. No one knows how much is involved until they have actually had the experience. He was the spiritual advisor, director of all our Indian Christian preachers, and missionary pastor

of the church. He also developed the industrial school to an extent never before reached. We had a very good industrial school and some of our predecessors had even a larger and better one, but Mr. Hamlen went far beyond any of his predecessors. I believe that in all Bengal not such another mission industrial plant can be found. When we remember that we now have a man especially for that work, we can see what he really had to do. Mr. Hamlen built the house which he himself occupied for a time and which his successors have occupied since. This is one of our very best houses. He secured the money for the building of this house largely from New Brunswick, which was the home of Mr. Boyer. The brick dormitories for the boys' orphanage and the workshops are also material additions to the premises. There is no doubt that the church received a spiritual uplift under his ministrations from which it has never fully receded. He has promised to write something of Natobar Singh, the Indian pastor of the church, which appears elsewhere. They finally retired to America in June, 1914, and his health did not permit his return.

Bates College conferred on him the degree of D.D. in recognition of his splendid service in India. Since his return from India he was made a secretary of the reconstruction of the Baptist and Free Baptist Churches in Maine and later on an office closely allied to that, namely, the promotion of evangelism in the churches, which position he still holds. As I am finishing this sketch, word comes to me of his passing on to the better land, April 27, 1928, after an illness of only a few hours.

Mrs. Geo. Hamlen

The daughter of Joseph and Hannah Avery, Mrs. Geo. Hamlen was born in Jefferson, Maine, April 18, 1869. She graduated in Coburn Classical Institute in 1887, taught school for a time and on May 13, 1893, married Geo. Hamlen. In the following November, they sailed for India. In the spring of 1895, Mrs. Hamlen took charge of the boys' orphanage at Balasore, which was quite soon enough considering she had the language to acquire. When they were in the country this work was always in her charge although the number of boys was not always the same. Some came and others went but the average was about fifty. Mrs. Hamlen had three boys of her own. They were not in a land where at 9 A.M. they could be sent to school and know that they would be cared for and instructed until 4 P.M., but in a land where children required the constant care, watchfulness and instruction of the mother.

Mrs. Hamlen had a very warm place in her heart for her orphan boys. It was no uncommon thing to see some small boy who was not well, brought to her own bedroom to be cared for and nursed. The influence of a missionary mother over these boys is far reaching. Some of the very best workers we have in the field are girls who were in Miss Crawford's orphanage.

There were born to the Hamlens in India three boys: Joseph Avery, May 19, 1894; Chas. Elmer, Aug. 23, 1898 and Frank Henry, Oct. 8, 1901.

At this writing, Mr. and Mrs. Hamlen are living in Lewiston, Maine, bearing their full share of the burdens of life and rejoicing that they may be called grandparents.

Rev. Herbert E. and Mrs. Wyman

The Wymans landed in Calcutta, Jan. 2, 1899. Their station was Midnapore. Some of the missionaries, in their reports, speak of the coming of the Wymans and Miss Wile and tell how their hearts were made to rejoice in their coming and of their sympathetic interest in what was being done. By looking through the records we find that they were in Santipore the following year and that after but ten months in the Midnapore district. From the language point of view that was unfortunate. Here they found plenty to do and were soon absorbed in the work. To report the various lines of activity I would only be repeating reports from other stations, the church, the Christian community, Bible women, colporteurs, schools of various kinds, preachers, etc. Mr. Wyman's heart seems to have gone out especially to the Santals who constitute about one-third of the population of the village of Santipore, and who occupy villages in every direction to the north and west of Santipore. He also speaks in the highest terms of the work of Dr. Nellie Phillips, who was associated with them in the work there for a time. The work goes on year after year with no great variation. Sometimes it seems as if the day of greater things was just about to break, and then again the clouds obscure the sun. One day while we were in Santipore the chief of the Santal village came to me with the proposal that the entire Santal village would accept Christianity and be baptized. They had had a council and they so decided. Upon closer inquiry I thought I saw an ulterior motive and concluded to wait. It may be that sometime they will genuinely turn to the Lord.

We come to the year 1898, and we find the Wymans again back in Midnapore. Here a new crisis has arisen and they must fill the gap. The doctor had ordered Mr. Hallam to leave the country as soon as possible and Mr. Wyman must take charge of the Bible School. In fact, he was the only man now in the station and all of the work connected with being "in charge" devolved upon him. This post, principal of the Bible School, he held during the remainder of his service in India. This was in May, 1897. During his term of service, twenty-seven students completed a three and four years' course and became our most useful Indian preachers. During these days the new railroad was built, known as the Bengal and Nagpore Railway. About three miles from Midnapore and across the river was a junction, called Kharagpore, where the Madras branch left the main line. This junction sprang up into a city as if by magic. In this city was situated the railway shops and people from all parts of India collected here. Most of them were employed by the railway company. Some were adventurers. The Wymans, with Miss Coombs as a coworker, saw the open door and entered in. From this beginning has come the English-speaking church and the work carried on by our Indian brethren, an important and aggressive work. In a material way, Mr. Wyman completed the Deering Hall for the Bible School, put new roofs on some of the mission houses and enlarged the church in Midnapore. During most of this period he was also secretary and treasurer of the mission and kept a full and satisfactory account of all receipts and disbursements. To this I can bear witness having been auditor. He also represented our mission at the Decennial Conference of all missions in India, as well as a conference on the work among the

Mohammedans which convened in Lucknow. He was a delegate at the preliminary conference in Nellore for the union of the Baptist forces and a delegate to the conference looking to the establishment of a Union seminary at Serampore. Mr. Wyman built the Book Room in the bazar at Midnapore as a center from which could go religious literature. To him also belongs the credit for writing the original manuscript of Chundra Lela. This story he received from her own lips, from time to time, and wrote it down, later offering the manuscript to our General Conference Board, but they did not see how they could publish and promote it. I happened to be present when the matter was discussed. As I had had some experience along this line, I wrote to Mr. Wyman that I would take the manuscript if he did not care to venture its publication. He sent it to me, and with the thought in mind that it could be abridged and not destroy its value, I rewrote it. It was accepted by the American Baptist Publication Society and thus we have the story of this remarkable woman.

Mrs. Wyman had charge of the girls' school in Midnapore, taught a class in the Bible School, had in her care some Bible women and established the first kindergarten we had in Midnapore.

Mr. Herbert Wyman was born in Lincoln Park, a suburb of Manchester, N. H., Oct. 22, 1867. He graduated from Lincoln St. Grammar School, Pembroke Academy and Cobb Divinity School (extended course) in June, 1893. The following month he was ordained as a Free Baptist minister.

The native state of Mrs. Gertrude Wyman was Rhode Island, and the date of her birth was March 3, 1874. Mr. and Mrs. Wyman were married July 7, 1892, and

sailed for India, Nov. 4, 1893. They returned to America in 1903, but were back again in India two years later. Here they entered upon their old tasks as if nothing had taken place. Perhaps a few burdens were added. They continued at their post until March, 1912, when they finally retired from the field on account of the illness of Mr. Wyman's father who had no one else to care for him. Their only child, Lena Louise, was born in Balasore, May 2, 1897. At this writing (1928), they are ministering to a church in Buckfield, Maine.

Dr. O. R. Bacheler

He was one of my associates the last seven years we were in India returning the same year we did, 1893. We did not come home on the same vessel but did meet in London. From there our ways parted and I saw him again but once and that was in his own home up in New Hampton, N. H. I first met him when I was a boy about fourteen years of age. He was touring through Canada and speaking on India. My father was the minister of the church and he was entertained in our home.

The late Dr. Thomas Stacy has written his biography, a most interesting book. I have gone through it and gleaned much and wish I could reproduce it. Otis R. Bacheler was born Jan. 17, 1817, in Auburn, N. H. Being rather small as a boy, he was called "Little Otis." The family was large and like most people at that time who had to wrest a living from the soil, poor. He early learned from his father how to make shoes. He was most anxious for an education and proposed to his father that he buy his time so he could mark out his own course. His father was in sympathy with the boy's as-

pirations and sold him his time for half the regular price, which was two hundred dollars. He began going to school and soon was able to teach. With the money obtained from teaching and making shoes at intervals, he soon paid off his debt. He early became a devout Christian and heard the call to become a missionary. He began the study of medicine first in Dartmouth Medical College and afterwards at Harvard where he received his M.D. degree. While studying he also supplied vacant pulpits here and there as occasion required. On the 7th of May, 1840, he married Catherine Parker and on the 10th of the same month set sail for India. They arrived in Balasore in September, after a long and tedious voyage fraught with danger and much suffering.

Jeremiah Phillips had been living in Balasore as his first station in the Balasore District, but almost at once, upon the arrival of Dr. Bacheler, they went to Jellasore and opened up the work in what we call the "Central Stations," Jellasore and Santipore. Dr. Bacheler gladly took up the work given over to him. Our earlier missionaries interpreted the great commission in a very literal sense. They thought "Go preach" meant that and that alone. However, we found later that "Go teach" was also included in the great command. During the years 1848-49, one hundred and twenty boys and girls were rescued by the government from the Khand tribes and turned over to our Balasore missionaries. These Khands were an aboriginal tribe who lived back in the mountains. They had a superstition that if a piece of flesh from a living child was buried in their fields while the flesh was still quivering they would have better crops. And accordingly, they set apart a day in the summer when they would thus sacrifice a lot of children—literally

cut them to pieces. The government heard of this and after repeated raids and rescues put a stop to the inhuman practice. At one time the Bachelers had two hundred of these children. The government gave $1.20 per month for each child, while they could be taken care of for eighty cents. Thus he had profit enough to build some shops and establish a large industrial school. He employed native mechanics and the boys and girls were taught useful trades. So the idea of industrial schools is not really a new one.

In his early career, he like other missionaries, had classes in Bible study. This is really the origin of the Bible school idea. The first Mrs. Bacheler's health failed so that a voyage to America was deemed necessary. They started for Calcutta but got only as far as Midnapore when she rapidly grew worse and died in Midnapore, Jan. 20, 1845. He returned to his lonely home and resumed his work. In 1847 Miss Merrill came out to join the mission. Dr. Bacheler met her in Midnapore where they were married, February 26, and she continued on her journey to Balasore, but now as Mrs. Bacheler. She took up the work laid down by the former Mrs. Bacheler. In 1851 they returned to America where for lack of funds they remained for eleven years. In 1862 he returned alone and his destination was Midnapore.

In 1844 Mr. Dow had begun work in Midnapore but after four years he vacated the field and returned to America because of failing health. Now Dr. Bacheler took up this field. It was from here that he began work among the Santals. He was really the pioneer in this work in the Midnapore district. Afterwards it was greatly enlarged under Dr. Phillips and wife and

Mrs. Burkholder. In 1865 Mrs. Bacheler rejoined her husband taking with her only the youngest child, Mary, then five years of age. Dr. Bacheler was a great missionary statesman.

I was asked by Dr. Thomas Stacy to contribute something to the Life of Dr. O. R. Bacheler, which he was writing. This I was glad to do and from that contribution I am now making some extracts which I think is as good as anything I can give:

"During the short stay of Dr. Bacheler in Zorra he was a guest in my father's home and I well remember the willingness with which he answered my many questions. Twenty-eight years passed before I saw him again and then it was in India. I always venerated him from my remembrance of him and when I became better acquainted, I found that I had not been cultivating a delusion which would pass away with more intimate acquaintance. The better I became acquainted the more my esteem deepened. Whether he had a special regard for me I do not know. I think he had the happy faculty of being a very special friend to all. I always felt that I could go to him for advice and help and would get what I wanted if it were possible for him to give it. To illustrate: Once upon a time wife and I were going to Naina Tal, up in the mountains for a little rest and to bring home the children who were there in school. On our way up, we stopped for a day or two at Dr. Lazarus' hospitable home in Benares. He was a good Baptist brother but had a *'prophet's chamber'* for all Christian missionaries.

"While there I discovered that our expenses would be more than we had figured on. The situation was a little embarrassing and I did not like to ask our host for

a loan. I thought of Dr. Bacheler and went to the telegraph office and sent a message asking for a loan. In less than one hour the cash was brought to our room.

"Doctor and 'Auntie' were very frugal in their habits so that they might have more to give. A more retiring and humble-minded man would be hard to find. He was a man of great learning and could converse very intelligently on almost any subject and yet he never put himself forward. Sometimes when he went to Calcutta, rather than go to the home of some missionary, any one of whom would have considered it an honor to entertain him, he would hire a native boat and have his cook prepare his meals and there he would go to sleep. I think it rather annoyed him to have people make much ado over him, or make special arrangements for him. He was a man of great patience. In fact I never saw him when he seemed impatient. Things which would make some of us fairly fume he would take as calmly as if nothing was happening. To an impatient person, crossing the rivers or ferries of Bengal, is often very irritating. The ferries in our field were poorly constructed and the river bottoms were wide and sandy. To get across a river was a slow process and the boatmen seemed so slow and awkward. Some of us wanted to turn in and help and hustle the men. He would find as comfortable a place as possible, take it easy and let them have their own way —that is what they would have in the end anyway. He had found that it is better not to fret and worry over things which we cannot make better. As regularly as the day came, if he were home, he made his way to the bazar to preach. He did not always preach himself but his very presence gave courage to the Bible School students whom he was educating for this kind of work. He

always thought bazar preaching a very important part of our work. He often said to me: 'It really rests me to go to the bazar and preach.' He sometimes liked to make a grand rally of our forces to show the people that we were doing something. At one time when we were having our annual Conference in Midnapore, Dr. Bacheler wanted to send two parties to different parts of the city. There were some of us who thought that we were pretty hard worked by attending all the sessions of our Conference besides committee work. But out of respect to his wishes we went. I happened to be with the company which went with the doctor and our old Oriya preacher, Kamal Nayak, to School Bazar. He had told me on the way down that of late they had been having some trouble with students from the government college. These were smart young fellows who thought they knew it all. They had been annoying the students who preached from time to time. There were about six of these young men in the crowd and they had a smile on their faces as much as to say, 'Now for a good time.' Dr. Bacheler made a few introductory remarks and introduced Kamal Nayak. Now Kamal was an Oriya and the 'upper ten' Bengali looks with a degree of contempt on an Oriya. Kamal was not prepossessing in looks. He was short in stature, a little stooped, allowed his chin to drop, always carried a cane and while sitting frequently rested his chin on the head of his cane. The young men looked at each other and indicated that they were in for fun. Kamal began very slowly. Pretty soon they asked him a question. He hesitated for a half moment and then said he would like to ask these learned young men a question. He did—and then another. Question followed question. He was getting them in a net. They were get-

ting restless and were glad to retire. Doctor told me on the way home: 'Those students will never trouble us again. If they do all we will have to do is call their attention to the old Oriya preacher.'

"Doctor and Auntie, Dr. Nellie Phillips with Mrs. Boyer's children and our family, all left India the same winter, 1893. One day I said to Dr. Bacheler that I thought it would be fine if we all took passage on the same boat. 'It would be agreeable,' he said, 'but we are too valuable a cargo to all go on one boat. If it should go down, what a loss it would be to our mission.' "

I must tell two more stories in connection with our relations with him. Our family was to stop in France for a time while they went direct to London. We left about two weeks before they did and I advised him as to our address in France. Before they arrived in London, "Auntie" was taken very ill and not expected to live. As soon as possible, he wrote me of her condition. He said, "Sarah is very ill but I hope she will pull through. I will keep you advised." I wrote him at once that I would come on at any time if he needed me. He wrote me that it was a great comfort to him to know that there was a friend within reach. Mrs. Bacheler improved slowly and by the time we reached London she was able to sit up. Dr. Bacheler had scarcely left the room since their arrival, so the day after our arrival, Mrs. Griffin insisted on staying with Mrs. Bacheler while he and I went for a stroll. He seemed as pleased as a child to see us and get out. He had always been so strong and self-reliant that it seemed strange for him to lean on anyone. We stayed long enough to see them take the train for Southampton where they were to get a vessel for America. The last time I saw him was at his home in New Hamp-

ton. He took me out over his little farm, but his thoughts were not on his farm but in far away India. He stopped and stood for a moment and then said, "Do you know Brother Griffin that I sometimes wish the Hindu belief in the transmigration of souls were true and that my soul could go into the body of some young man and I could go back again to India. My heart is there and I long to be there but I shall never again see India in the flesh."

Sarah Bacheler

Sarah Bacheler was born in Stratham, N. H., March 10, 1820, the daughter of Rev. Asa Merrill, who was also a Free Baptist minister. For three years she was a student in Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary under Mary Lyon. She caught the spirit of that illustrious woman and had a burning desire for the good of her fellowmen. She joined our mission and sailed for India, when she was but twenty-four years of age, Aug. 12, 1846. The voyage was long and tedious and fraught with danger and the vessel so long overdue that the missionaries in the field had great fears for the arrival of the boat at all. During one of her furloughs in America she wrote the Life of Lovina Crawford, beautifully portraying the life of this wonderful missionary. Mrs. Griffin was asked by Dr. Stacy to contribute something on Mrs. Bacheler in his life of Dr. Bacheler. I will quote from this:

"No one can think of 'Auntie Bacheler' without thinking of her love of flowers; her pots of flowers on the pucca wall behind the driveway and her beds of flowers in the garden plot farther on. The soil was most dry and barren, but her care made it fruitful and kept it watered. Never shall I forget how one of her rosebuds

helped me. It was in 1876 when I was very ill in her home. I had passed a sleepless night in pain and my heart had been crying out for some of my very own loved ones. In the morning I had fallen asleep. When I awoke, there lay on my pillow a matchless half-blown rose. I took it up and kissed it and let the tears come. Why? I knew it was Auntie's first and only blossom from a plant she had bought long before and tended and watched with anxious care. And now, in its half-grown loveliness, she had broken it and given it to me. Ah, there was thoughtful, self-sacrificing love such as Auntie's days were full of!" Her marriage to Dr. Bacheler has already been spoken of in the sketch of his life.

Rev. E. H. Lougher

The Loughers arrived in India in 1898, going to their station in Balasore. They went into the house purchased by me in 1885, and there they remained as long as they both stayed in the country. Mrs. Lougher returned to America in 1906, while he remained a year longer.

The first year of their stay was no doubt fully given up to learning the language but after the first year we find Mr. Lougher relieving Dr. Hamlen of the care of the church and other activities. Very soon he had his full share: preaching in the bazar, conducting English services on Sunday nights and evangelistic tours during cold seasons. We probably had no more fluent speaker in our mission than he. He was also treasurer of the mission the greater part of the time he was in India. The last year he was in the country he had charge of the English work in Kharagpore. He returned to America in the beginning of the year 1907. He was for a time,

in America, chaplain of the state prison at Jackson, Mich., and later a lecturer on the Chautauqua platform.

He graduated from Hillsdale College in 1897. He died sometime during the year 1927, but just where or when I have not been able to find out.

Minnie Whitney Lougher

Minnie Whitney Lougher was the faithful and efficient wife of Rev. E. H. Lougher. As far as observed, her work was of two kinds. First, she established and maintained for some years, an English-speaking school in her own home and on her premises where she taught daily and also looked after the finances.

Her second charge was her work in the book room down in the bazar. She was a very fine violinist and would take her violin down to this room quite late in the afternoon accompanied by one or two preachers and begin to play. A company would soon assemble. This created an opportunity to give the message which the ministers took advantage of.

She exerted a good influence and left a lasting impression not only with our Christian community but also upon the Hindus with whom she came in contact.

Her early home was in Jackson, Mich., and to this they came when they returned to America in 1906.

Emily Barnes

Miss Barnes, who made our home her home for some time in Santipore, was a brave, self-sacrificing, conscientious, devoted woman. If one would really know a person they must live in the same house with them and eat at the same table. We thus came to know "Emily"

very intimately. She was always ready to fill any niche in the mission where she seemed most needed. She also lived alone in Jellasore while I had the general oversight of that station. Therefore we find her in Balasore, Santipore, Bhadrack and Jellasore, where she fell at her post as did Miss Crawford before her. She was buried beside her fellow worker, Miss Butts, in the cemetery at Calcutta.

Mrs. Murphy has paid her a beautiful tribute which I am glad to give just as she wrote it:

"Emily Barnes, Servant of the King. She entered into His presence very early on the Lord's day, August 10, 1924. Miss Barnes came to India in 1894 and was at the time of her death our senior missionary. Her life was as fragrant as the sweet-scented Indian jessamine, with spiritual sweetness. She walked and talked with the King—a life of prayer and joyous service bearing all the fruits of the Spirit,

"During her first two terms of missionary service she was designated, 'The Children's Missionary,' Sunday School classes and young people's societies taking 'shares' in her support and paying her entire salary. Through letters and the printed page, as well as when at home among the churches, she created and held the interest of children and young people of America. She also taught them to love in turn India's little ones. For the past nine years she lived alone at Jellasore where she was constantly called upon by the villagers for advice, for comfort and for care in sickness. Last winter she was unable to get out in the country for evangelistic work as she had planned because of sickness in the Christian village. Her very last bit of service was for an invalid Christian—trying to get him into the hospital. Failing

in that, she took him into her own house and cared for him until he died. She was a ready writer and a faithful correspondent and through this medium did a great work.

"Several of India's young men in railway and Government service, who were boys under her teaching and with whom she kept in touch through the years, looked upon her and loved her as a mother. One of them arranged during the last week of her illness all the details of the trip to the Calcutta hospital. Her furlough was long overdue but her heart was in India. She sometimes wrote verses and the following by Marianne Farmingham were so like Emily that they might have been written by her:

'I could not leave Thee, Master,
Nor pass from Thine employ;
Thy service is my freedom,
Thy yoke my greatest joy.
Thou dost not bind Thy servants
With any cords but love;
But all are free to stay or leave,
As wish or choice may move.
But who hast known Thy service,
For love's sake needs must stay
And work for Thee with heart and hand
The longest, happiest day.'

" 'Happy,' was a word she used often. Her's was a beautiful life, brightening the place where she was placed to serve.. Such a life has no end. We thank God for the years he lent her to India and we know her works follow."

Miss Barnes' home was in Hillsdale, Mich., for some time. She was a student in Hillsdale College, entering in 1886, being a member of the Sunday school class of which Miss Ida Phillips was teacher. Through impressions received there she afterward went to India.

Miss Jessie Scott

Miss Scott came to India in 1893, and if my memory serves me right, under the Scotch Presbyterian Board. She joined our mission in 1898 and did not retire until 1907, faithfully serving us nine years. The zenana work in Balasore was in her hands most, if not all, of this time. She possessed the characteristics of the Scotch people, being painstaking, persevering, industrious, devotional, reverent and frugal. If she set her face toward an object she pursued it to the end, no matter what obstacles arose. It is safe to say that under her care the zenana work in Balasore prospered to a degree unsurpassed by any of its superintendents.

She was a very enthusiastic W.C.T.U. worker both in India and in Scotland after her return to her native land. At one time she was a delegate to an international convention held in America and attended its sessions. She is living at her old home in Arbroath, Scotland.

Miss Lizzie E. Gaunce

Miss Gaunce arrived in India in 1894, the year after we left and had departed before our return, so we did not have the privilege of seeing her. Her station was Balasore. Her first year was spent in acquiring the language and the second in gathering up the broken threads made by the departure of other workers. By the beginning of the third year she had abundant work given her. She was a very capable woman and served the mission well for nearly seven years. She ultimately married out of our mission but is still, as I hear, living somewhere in India.

Miss Edna Wile

Miss Wile came to India at the same time as Miss Gaunce. Her station was Bhimpore and her work was in connection with the work of Mrs. Burkholder. She was faithful and helpful but poor health compelled her retirement after only four years of service.

Dr. A. L. and Mrs. Belle Kennan

Dr. Kennan was born in Menasha, Wis., Dec. 26, 1864. He entered Hillsdale College in 1884 and graduated in 1896. He also took a medical course and received the degree of M.D., though from what college I do not know. He married Miss Belle Ramsey of Hillsdale, June 23, 1890. The Kennans landed in India, Oct. 30, 1899. Dr. Kennan was the son of Mrs. Ada Kennan, a very prominent evangelist in Wisconsin some years ago, and a brother of Rev. R. R. Kennan, for years editor of the *Free Baptist* and a minister of prominence in the West.

In our annual report for the year 1901, we find Dr. Kennan's name and a short report from him, showing that he had already entered into the work at Bhimpore, where they were stationed and which continued to be their field during their stay in India. I go through the reports year after year and each succeeding year I see the work is getting more and more on the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Kennan. There are orphanages for girls and boys, industrial schools to be looked after, and it must also be remembered that Mrs. Kennan had a little family of her own to care for. The church with all of its branches of work and a large Christian community demanded attention as well as a long list of small churches scattered all over this section. It would not be of any use to mention

the names of these for but few could pronounce them if I did. There are jungle schools almost by the score, which involve a lot of clerical work as well as thought and care. As Dr. Kennan is a medical man, he is supposed to heal all manner of diseases, almost to the restoring of life to the dead. At the beginning of his work we hear him pleading for a dispensary so that patients need not be treated in his own dwelling. It must be that the good people of Providence, R. I., heard the call and gave the funds, for this dispensary, called "Providence Dispensary," was well built and answers well the purpose for which it was intended. Dr. Kennan had a wide practice among the Santals.

We also find Mrs. Kennan's work equally interesting in the various branches belonging to women.

Dr. Kennan was the Nimrod of our mission and like the one of old "was a mighty hunter before the Lord," for which he must not be chided but rather praised. It confers a real blessing on the defenseless people to have someone shoot the bears which come out of the jungle by night and destroy their fruit and gardens, or some great wild elephant which can do great damage in a single day, a leopard which destroys their flocks of goats, or some monster crocodile which haunts the sluggish rivers and watches his chance to seize a fisherman by the leg and drag him into deep water. Dr. Kennan has shot all of these. One time he followed a wild elephant two days before he finally laid him low and secured a pair of six-foot tusks. He could always salve his conscience for doing the thing he liked to do, by thinking he was doing good—and he was. Of a sudden we see no more the names of the Kennans in the reports. They have

gone to America and the Oxreiders have taken their place.

The first Mrs. Kennan died some years ago and Dr. Kennan went to Florida, establishing a medical practice, where he still is.

Rev. Howard Murphy, M.D.

His letter reads, "Physician and Surgeon, Thompson Building, Wilsonville, Neb." Mr. Murphy was born in Osceola, Iowa, March 15, 1870. He has told me nothing of his ancestors but he does not need an illustrious ancestor to give him standing. The name would indicate that they were of Irish extraction, and I would judge very devout people, for the boy, Howard, was brought into the fold of Christ when but twelve years of age. We should also read between the lines, that he was precocious beyond the ordinary and very studious, for he began to preach when but fifteen years of age. So well did he perform his task that when seventeen he was granted a license to preach and two years later was examined for ordination and passed the test. On his own request, however, the ordination was postponed until he was of legal age. He was pastor of the church at Kenesaw and later of the Free Baptist Church at Lincoln, Neb. He received his education first in the common schools, then in Nebraska State University, Hillsdale College, Michigan, and lastly from the Lincoln Medical College, where he received his M.D. degree. We can see by this brief record that Mr. Murphy was well equipped for the duties devolving upon him either as a missionary in the foreign field or as a minister in the homeland. Feeling the more pressing need for workers

in the great untouched land of India, he offered his services to the Free Baptist Board and was accepted. He and his good and most efficient wife, sailed for India, Sept. 25, 1900. They were located in the Midnapore District and continued their work in that district as long as they remained in India. The Murphys had the advantage of having their work in the one language all through their missionary career. Mr. Murphy's first work, after a year in the language, was as principal of the Bible School. Mr. Wyman had filled this position but failing health had made a furlough necessary, so Mr. Murphy took up the work laid down by Mr. Wyman. No more suitable person could have been found at that time, in our mission for that position. It means not only giving instruction but also molding the characters of the young ministers by a proper example and a good spirit. The personality of the principal has a wonderful influence on the students. Mr. Murphy was kind, thoughtful and manly and had very positive convictions. In deportment, he required that the young men should be beyond reproach. I think that no one who knew him would for a moment question his orthodoxy. Mr. Wyman returned in 1905 to resume his work in the Bible School and the Murphys moved to Contai. It appears that the mission house at Contai had not been occupied for some time by a resident missionary. Mr. Hallam's health had failed and he had gone to the hills, leaving no one to take the place until the Murphys were released for this purpose. Dr. Murphy says in his report, that from his frequent visits to Contai from Midnapore, he had come more and more to feel that Contai was to be his station. And yet, after only two years there, he was obliged to leave to take up the work at Bhimpore. Twice the Mur-

phys moved to Bhimpore, each time to relieve the Kennans, whose furlough was due. Of the various lines of work carried forward in Bhimpore, I need not again speak. We may be certain that they were well maintained under the Murphys.

They are still under appointment to return to India, but in the meantime, Dr. Murphy is ministering to a Baptist church at Wilsonville, Neb. They returned to America in 1925.

Mrs. Howard Murphy

Mrs. Murphy is a very important part of the Murphy household. She was always ready to take her full share of the work devolving on a missionary family. In her earlier days she fitted herself for teaching school and taught for three years. She entered Hillsdale College, married Mr. Murphy in 1891 and with him went to India.

If I were writing her biography, I should tell of the work in detail among the boys in the Christian community, of her work in the schools and her efforts at evangelism among the non-Christian women within her reach. Mrs. Murphy wields the pen of a ready writer and has paid a fitting tribute to Miss Barnes, which appears along with the sketch of Miss Barnes. To her also belongs the honor of launching the little missionary magazine, *Tidings,* and also suggesting the name. Miss Coombs became the editor and financial backer.

Herewith is an abbreviated account written by Mrs. Murphy of their methods of conducting evangelistic tours through the country districts:

I'm reminded of a story I once read called "The Emancipation of Mother," for after over twenty years of work in schools and the care of boarding homes for boys and girls, it seems like another life to be free at last for work in the district.

Our new house-on-wheels is a great curiosity to the people. It is very funny to hear their guesses as to what it is. Some call it a ship, because they have seen boats equipped with table, chairs, etc., and one called it a railroad car, judging from the general appearance and the interior in particular as seen from the door in the rear. Moving on around to the side they see the rubber tires and decide that it is a motor car, then on around to the front where they see the yoke, and are amazed to learn that it is pulled by bullocks!

On the chassis of a discarded motor car we built a light wooden frame enclosed with mosquito net and over that woven mesh wires to keep out all intruders including mosquitoes and the million insects attracted by lamplight.

It measures 14 ft. by 8 ft. by 5 ft. 6 inches, and has two folding bunk cots, table and chairs. The commissary department is equipped with two small oil stoves, steam cooker, and a small table with dishes and food supply boxes, all very complete. It has many little conveniences, so we may live in comfortable camp style, yet it saves the packing and extra work of having to pitch a tent.

Our "camp" consisted of four preachers, three Bible women and our two selves, besides three cartmen, as two tents were carried for the workers.

During our recent six weeks' tour, our objectives were villages where we have good schools. These were centers from which other villages and schools within a radius of six miles were reached.

Previously the missionary has always had to hurry to get around for school inspection, but this time we took it more slowly, stopping a week at each place—time to get acquainted with the people.

Work among the women in inland villages has been almost nil. It is not strange, therefore, that boys from these villages who go to the Bhimpore schools for three and four years, and having learned of Christ and want to be His disciples, do not take the decisive step. Why? Because of opposition in the homes, especially from mothers and wives.

These were the women we wished to see and we went to see them in their homes. There are such a lot of things they need to know. One thing we tried to help them understand was that

while their sons and husbands have had the chance to hear the Gospel, they, the women have not had that chance, so are still afraid and ignorant. The Bible women did fine work. Always after an hour or so in more formal methods of singing and giving the message, they would go to one or two women for a personal talk. Often they asked the question, "If your husband becomes a Christian will you run away?"—a very common thing —and the reply most often was, "No, we will come with him."

At Silda, a large town twenty miles from the railway, the high caste women have seen very little of the world, and only heard what their husbands are able, or wish to tell them. Here I and the Bible women were received in some of the best homes. One was that of the most wealthy cloth merchant in the town. We were received graciously, and the young sixteen-year-old son, who acted as host, served us very nice tea and cakes. Over twenty-five women listened as long as we would stay. The singing and the message, too, were new. One old lady sitting quite near listened with wonder as the tears stole down her cheeks. Another morning I went alone to a Brahman's house where two young women received me with all the deference shown to their own priests. Lying on the veranda was a woman in great distress. They told me that ten days before she had lost her only son. She refused food and would daily lament until she fainted and would lie as dead for several hours. I went to her, but she took no notice as I tried to speak, so I began to sing. She stopped crying and listened. After two hymns, I drew close to her side, announcing to the crowd of women who had gathered that I wished to talk to this woman and if they wished to keep quiet and listen they might do so. Then I told her of Him who stilled the storm on the sea, and how even now He stilled sad and troubled hearts. Her face became so different as she accepted the message, and all listened with astonishment. The words of healing reached another woman also that day. A few days later as we were leaving that place, a woman came to me and said, "I too, have lost my only son. What you said was wonderful, that God can give peace, for who else can?" I asked her where she had heard and she replied, "At the Pundit's house where you talked to the sad widow."

Dr. Nellie Phillips and "Ma Phillips"

I wrote a sketch of the life of these two missionaries but the typist overlooked it when copying. I did not notice it until the book was ready for the press. I can only get in a few words by cutting out some paragraphs after the book is already paged. Mrs. Phillips I have referred to as the mother of a very large family of children and as having reared most of them for service in India. She died at her post in India after more than fifty years of devoted service.

Dr. Nellie, a medical missionary for years, was one of the most devoted missionaries ever to enter our field. Naturally she was not brave, but when duty called she went into the homes where smallpox and cholera were taking their victims. In the new brick schoolhouse in Santipore is a marble tablet and it bears this inscription:

"A Memorial to Dr. Nellie Phillips"

Dr. Shirley Smith

Miss Shirley Smith landed in Calcutta, Dec. 13, 1900. It appears from the records that she made a flying trip to America in 1903 but returned to India in November of the same year. In March, 1908, she resigned work and it was then I presume she became Mrs. Thompson and moved to their own home not far from Calcutta. I wish I knew more about the early life of "Dr. Shirley" and also of her activities since leaving our mission. She was a woman who would leave an impression on any community where she resided. She was tall, graceful and of a commanding presence. At once, attention was drawn

to her in any company. Her orders were expected to be carried out and they were obeyed, although she was a very lovable woman. She was faithful and consecrated in her work.

I was present at the marriage ceremony in Balasore and once later, we visited her in her home, but since then we have lost all trace of her. I can therefore only speak of the few brief years she was on the field. Her first three months in India were spent in looking over the field and trying to see where the greatest need might be. As she went she had always the opportunity of practicing the healing art. It was not certain for a time, which place would be her permanent home, as permanent as any place can be in our mission, but it was finally decided that Balasore had the best claims upon her and here she located. The Sinclair Orphanage was her home and for much of the time she had the Girls' School under her care, as well as the kindergarten. She also had the medical work to do, not only to see that the girls and children were properly cared for but also to care for the sick in the Christian community, as well as treat any others who came to her dispensary for treatment. This was the daily round of work. There was no great variation from day to day or from year to year—nothing spectacular about it. It was just here a little and there a little; the dark days and the bright ones; the ups and the downs. It was just the faithful discharge of duty each and every day. These are the things which fill up the days and these are the things which count. Dr. Shirley filled well the passing days.

Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Oxreider

J. H. Oxreider was born in Minnesota, Jan. 22, 1868. There were two children in the family and when the boy was but nineteen years of age his father died. He soon had to assume the burden of the provider. This developed those characteristics of self-reliance, frugality and perseverance which have been of great advantage to him all his life. But for these, he would not have received an education. He attended Parker College, Winnebago City, Minn. While still a student he was called to the pastorate of the Delevan church which prospered under his ministry. He was ordained, Feb. 26, 1899. On June 27, 1900, he married Carrie M. Fuller.

Mrs. Oxreider was born in Fairmount, Minn., April 30, 1876, and graduated from high school in 1893. She taught school seven years before marrying Mr. Oxreider. She has been a most faithful and efficient coworker with her husband in all that his hands and heart have found to do.

The Oxreiders landed in Calcutta, Dec. 10, 1902. Their first home was in Midnapore. Our annual reports are usually written in March so we would not expect to hear anything from them in the reports for 1903. In the following year we find Mr. Oxreider reporting the Santipore farm and also assisting Mrs. Mary Phillips, who is the resident missionary and all alone, but trying to do the work of about three. The collecting of rents and keeping the irrigation works in repair, involves some work it is true, but it always seemed to me to be a real part of mission work. In the first place, the revenue derived, went a long way towards keeping things going in Santipore. In the second place, it put the missionary

in close and sympathetic touch with not only the Christians of the village but also the Santals and Hindus, with whom we had to deal. I, myself, had charge of this farm for about eight years and I never found it to be the intolerable burden some of my successors have found it. However, possibly the awakening spirit of unrest may have changed the attitude of some.

We can easily believe that the year 1904 was a busy one for Mr. and Mrs. Oxreider, for their home was in Midnapore and their work in Kharagpore, four miles distant across the river, so that the only way to go was by train and the train connection was about as bad as possible, requiring one to leave very early in the morning and getting home late at night. They speak hopefully of getting in their new house in the near future. While it is true that the Wymans and Miss Coombs began the work, it was the Oxreiders who crystallized and established it on a firm foundation. It is a monument to their zeal and faithfulness. Both the church and the mission house adjoining, are fine brick buildings. The church organization fills a great need for the non-conformists of the city. Here the Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists and any other evangelical Christian can worship God with no discordant voice. At the beginning of the following year, the Oxreiders were transferred to Bhimpore to relieve the Murphys whose furlough was due. They found themselves handicapped for want of a better knowledge of the language, their work in Khragpore having been in English, but by the help of competent Santal assistants the work did not languish. Both Mr. and Mrs. Oxreider give interesting and even glowing reports of their work in this charge. To speak of their various activities would be only to repeat what has been

already reported. After a little less than two years' absence from Kharagpore we find them back again in their old places, Dr. and Mrs. Kennan having returned to Bhimpore; and Dr. and Mrs. Coldren were about ready to retire to America, having for a time filled the vacancy at Kharagpore. Here, therefore, we find them at the beginning of the year 1910. While home on furlough (1924), Rio Grande College conferred on him the degree of D.D., because of eminent service in India. At this writing (1928), they are still at their post in Kharagpore, looking after not only the vernacular work, which is large and growing, but also the promising Santal field west of Kharagpore and south of the Kasai River.

Mary Bacheler, M.D.

Dr. Mary Bacheler was the daughter of Otis and Sarah Bacheler and the youngest child of a large family. She was born in New Hampton while the Bachelers were home on furlough. The date of her birth was Feb. 22, 1860. In 1865, Mrs. Bacheler sailed from Boston, taking only Mary with her. Her husband had returned two years previous. Her playmates in Midnapore were the native Christian girls and therefore she readily acquired the language and has used it as well all through her life as she has English. She has probably used Bengali much more than she has English.

After ten years, it was deemed advisable that the family return to America and to their old home in New Hampton, N. H. They sailed from Calcutta, August 5, and landed in Boston Dec. 31, 1870. Mary, at that time, was ten years of age and her progress in school was probably rapid. By September, 1873, the health of the father

and mother had so far improved that they could return to India. In the party were also Rev. A. J. Marshall and wife, Libbie Cilley, daughter of Rev. E. G. Cilley and afterwards my beloved wife, and Mary. My wife, then a young woman twenty-two years of age, and Mary, a girl of thirteen, became fast friends, which continued through to the end. Mary, when seventeen years of age, was chosen as teacher in the zenanas of Midnapore by the Woman's Foreign Mission Society, the youngest teacher ever to be employed. In July, 1883, after another term of ten years, the family returned to America and again went to their own home in New Hampton. Mary had had abundant opportunity in her father's dispensary of learning a great deal about the diseases of India and the remedies, for her father was a very successful physician. Now she resolved to complete her medical course and get a diploma. She graduated from the Woman's Medical College, New York City, in 1890, returning the same year to India. She at once entered into the medical work of her father. The father and mother ultimately retired from India in 1893, coming home at the same time we did. Upon the retirement of Dr. O. R. Bacheler, Dr. Mary very fully entered into medical work in Midnapore. It did seem cruel that she could not have fully devoted herself to this work but the scarcity of missionaries often made it necessary for her to do something else and in other places. Sometimes it was in the orphanage at Balasore, or in the zenana work, or at Jellasore, Santipore or Bhimpore; sometimes as teacher in the Bible school or in the girls' school. Wherever there was an urgent need there she was, ready to supply that need to the best of her ability. These bare facts tell but little of a life so fully devoted to India. The years are passing

and she, too, will sometime have to bid good-by to India. May her mantle fall upon someone who will be as fully devoted as she and as ready and willing to fill any pressing need.

The Woman's Foreign Mission Society has issued a book giving sketches of the lives of their missionaries. Here may be found a more complete sketch.

Miss Ethel Dawson

Miss Dawson united with us in our work in Balasore in 1903. She was an English lady from Australia, young and energetic. Just under what circumstances she came to India, or came to unite with us, I do not now recall, if I ever knew. She came well recommended and fulfilled her recommendations. She at once went into the Sinclair orphanage, first as an assistant, and afterwards as its superintendent. She was faithful and efficient. Her great passion was evangelism and because of this, she frequently found opportunity to get out into country villages and preach the gospel. She also had in her charge some Bible women and these she sent out daily and as often as possible, went with them. After about seven years of service a missionary from some other field visited our station and it was not very long after that Miss Dawson became Mrs. Grimes and went into another field. It is certain she took with her the same zeal and devotion she had with us.

Rev. C. A. and Dora Collett

The Colletts, "Charley and Dora," were our traveling companions to India in 1904. It was their first term, our second term and Mrs. Griffin's third term. Mr. Collett,

in addressing me, always calls me "Companion of the Waves." We surely did have some experiences in connection with the sea. From England, we crossed over to the Hook of Holland, to Cologne, up the Rhine, through Switzerland and Italy, across the Mediterranean, up to Cairo, back to Port Said through the Suez Canal, Red Sea, Indian Ocean and up to Calcutta, where we arrived December 17.

Mr. Collett was born in Bluff Point, Indiana, Feb. 22, 1877. He graduated from Ridgeville High School in Indiana, 1895, later entering Hillsdale College, where he graduated with the degree of B.D. in 1903 and the following year B.A. He also took a short course in Chicago University in 1913, while home on furlough.

He and Dora Jenkins were married in 1903, and sailed for India as above recorded, in 1904. Their station was Balasore and here for a year they lived and applied themselves to the study of the language. As soon as possible, burdens began to be put upon them and it was not long before they had their full share. When they had been in Balasore nine months, Mr. Coldren made over the charge of Bhadrak to Mr. Collett. This place is a Mohammedan stronghold and they are of a very bigoted and vicious type. One young man from there accepted Christianity and soon after mysteriously disappeared. He was never again heard from.

Mrs. Dorcas Smith began work there many years ago and although the field is not promising yet we have never felt like giving it up. Now that we have the railroad, it is but a short ride of two hours, or less, from Balasore to Bhadrak. Mr. Collett continued to live in Balasore for a time and carry on the work at Bhadrak. During the interval of having the charge and actually moving

there, he taught in the Balasore Christian High School. He also went to the bazar evenings for preaching services, even before he had the language sufficient to preach. He took his jew's-harp and went down with the Indian preachers. That is a little instrument one can put in one's vest pocket and yet from it, Mr. Collett could call forth some beautiful music. It always called a crowd. In the annual reports for 1906 we find that the Colletts have moved to Bhadrak. In this way the lives of a good man and woman are brought in direct contact with the people. The gulf between a good Christian life and that of the average Hindu or Mohammedan is deep and wide.

The thing which Mr. Collett most enjoyed was getting out with his preachers for evangelistic tours throughout the district. He speaks of traveling several hundred miles the second winter and finding a great open door for the sale of Christian literature. Sometimes his wife joined him in his country tours. The time was at hand when we must leave Santipore, so the Colletts had to come to the more important field to take up our work.

Early in the year 1909, they moved to Santipore. Miss Ella Butts also came to Santipore to take over the charge of the Normal Training School which Mrs. Griffin had established. The same season, Mr. Collett began the erection of the new church building at Santipore. An old fort, with hundreds of tons of cut stones, was out in the jungle but two or three miles from Santipore. Such of these as were required could be bought for a low figure. Mr. Collett bought these and the men of the Christian village donated their work in getting them out of the fort and into the wall of the church.

Two years later, the Colletts were transferred to Kharagpore to take charge of the work there. While there

he secured the land for our vernacular work in the city, a thing which had been long in suspense and a consummation greatly desired. In 1913 they returned to America but after their health was restored they again returned to India, this time to Balasore.

I have spoken of Gupta Purana. This was the life of Christ in verse and was composed by Ganga Dhar Rath, although it was Mr. Collett that had the work executed and enlisted the interest of the Tract Society, so that its unlimited publication is guaranteed. This is a work of wide-reaching possibilities—one of the most important. There were born to Mr. and Mrs. Collett the following children: Gerald Ivan, Hillsdale, Mich., April 9, 1904; Cyril Harold, Balasore, India, Oct. 1, 1905; Allen Wykoff, Balasore, India, March 21, 1907; Merrill Judson, Winona Lake, Ind., Feb. 20, 1914.

They finally returned to America, April, 1922, and at this time are ministering to a church at Modesta, Calif.

Mrs. Collett has been a true and faithful mother and a helpmeet to her husband, holding up his hands through all the battles of life and doing her full share in every place where Providence has cast their lot.

Miss Sadie Elizabeth Gowen

The only claim that I have in calling Miss Gowen an "associate" is that we met her in Cleveland on the same occasion we met Miss Coe, on our return home from India in 1909. We were not in the field at the same time. The sketch of Miss Gowen's life published by the Woman's Society is before me and from it I am taking a few extracts. She was born in Troy, Maine, May, 1878. Her birthplace and early home was on a farm

but later she went to Portland to live with an uncle and while there, gave her heart to Christ and united with the Free Baptist church. Her interest in our mission field was first awakened by reading the life of Lovina Crawford. She graduated from Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, in 1903, and for a time taught school. In 1905 she entered the Moody Bible Training School in Chicago and became a student volunteer. In 1907 she was selected by the Woman's Society as their missionary. The following year she graduated from the Bible Training School and then took a course in Folts Kindergarten Training School in Herkimer, N. Y. She finished the course in 1909 and the same year sailed for India. Her station was Balasore and her home the Sinclair Orphanage, where Mrs. Ager was superintendent. When she had been in Balasore but six months, because of the sudden withdrawing of Miss Bomwitch from the field, she was obliged to take over the Kindergarten School of about one hundred pupils and ten teachers. When Miss Coe took the orphanage the Girls' school also came into her hands and later, zenana work. This gave her the opportunity for evangelistic work which she so much liked. Because of the scarcity of missionaries she prevailed upon herself to continue at her work another year after her furlough was due. In the midst of the year, she utterly broke down and was obliged to return home. After five years of effort to regain her health she was sufficiently restored to again return. At this writing she has completed her second term and is back in America.

Amy Belle Coe

The only claim I have to calling Miss Coe an "associate" is my acquaintance with her when a girl in her father's home in Cleveland when she was in her teens, and again in Cleveland at a reception, as she and Miss Sadie Gowen were on the eve of starting for India, via the Pacific route. We were in Cleveland on our way home, via the same route and were invited to make some remarks at the reception. I think this may constitute a claim to include her in my sketches. As I write, I have before me "The History of the Free Baptist Missionary Society," in which is a sketch of the life of Miss Coe and from this I will quote:

"Amy Belle Coe was born in Cleveland, Nov. 24, 1883. When seven years of age she was converted and joined the Scranton Avenue Free Baptist Church. She early became interested in our own field. She says Dr. Coldren was responsible for her first resolution to sometime go to India. After completing her high school in Cleveland, 1901, she entered Mt. Holyoke College, settling in Madison, Conn. In her sophomore year she became a student volunteer. She graduated in 1905 and spent the two following years in settlement work in New Haven among the Italians and in New York City among the Bohemians. After a year in the delightful circle of her home, she was about to enter mission work in the South, when a call came to her from the Board to serve in India. She spent a year in Teachers' College, Columbia University, and in October, 1909, in company with Miss Gowen, sailed for India. She was stationed at Balasore and soon acquired a working knowledge of the language. After but three months in the country, she

was given the charge of the girls' school, then on the grounds of the Sinclair Orphanage. When Miss Barnes left for America in 1913, the charge of the orphanage devolved upon her and was her work during the remainder of her term. At that time it numbered eighty girls. As other missionaries left, other work came into her hands, as the Widows' Home and the Bible women's work in Balasore. Finally much of the work in Jellasore came into her hands. At the end of her first term, which she filled with abundant and joyous service, she returned to America in 1916. She remained in the country longer than usual, as it seemed necessary for her to be within call of her home. Two years of this time she taught in Storer College. When the need for workers in India became more urgent, she returned to India for an emergency term of three years."

As a supplement to the above I may add that Miss Coe was a most attractive young woman with a personality which drew people who associated with her to her. She was greatly beloved by the people of the country. She also for a time had charge of the zenana work and she speaks of her efforts at evangelization as the happiest of her life. In writing of her return home, the last time, she says: "It was a never-to-be-forgotten cause for thankfulness that I reached home three days before my father's death." Later, Miss Coe, the mother and sister moved to the more salubrious climate of California where they still reside. Always on the alert for opportunities she found an open door in the Chinese Baptist Mission School in San Francisco, where for two years she was principal.

Mary Sophia Phillips Howells

She always went by the name of "Beebe" and we scarcely knew she had another name. I first saw her as a girl perhaps fourteen years of age in her father's home in Midnapore, India. The family consisted then of father, mother and four children—Will, Beebe, John and Edith. Very soon after our arrival the mother took the children to America. And none too soon, for they were now all of school age. Beebe attended school in Rhode Island, at Oberlin and Wellesley Colleges and also took a course in kindergarten work in Philadelphia, Pa. She went to India under the Woman's Board in 1895 and auspiciously opened her work in Balasore. It was not long, however, before Mr. Howells appeared on the scene and wooed and won Miss Phillips. Mr. Howells was a man of learning, having had degrees conferred upon him from colleges in England, Scotland and Germany. He was at the head of the Serampore College, near Calcutta, founded by that celebrated trio: Carey, Marshman and Ward. Thither he took his bride and there they now reside, so far as I know. Mrs. Howells was so short a time in our field that there is not much to record of her work. Of herself, I may say that she was an exceedingly bright and affable woman and will make a true helpmeet for her husband, Dr. Howells.

Clara E. Goodrich (York)

There were some other missionaries in our field during the time covered by these sketches, but they were not there when we were and some of them remained so short a time that they hardly entered into the work. Miss Goodrich was among the number. I knew her before she

went to India, but better after her return. If she could have kept her health she would have made a very valuable missionary for she was a capable, energetic and very devout woman. Illness drove her home very soon, so that she had been given but little work. She is now the wife of Mr. York and her home is in the state of New York.

Libbie Cilley Griffin

My beloved wife. Her name was Susan Elizabeth, but she was always called "Libbie," and that is the name people know her by. She was born in Ionia County, Mich., Feb. 28, 1851. She was the daughter of Rev. Elbridge and Ruth Hunt Cilley. Her parents were pioneers in Christian work in Michigan. There were four children in the family—Calvin, the eldest; Libbie; Naomi and Simeon. The parents were anxious to give the children an education and moved to Grand Rapids for this purpose. Libbie graduated from the high school and at once began teaching in the same school. While teaching, she established a Sunday School in one of the neglected outskirts of the city which became large and flourishing, and from which has sprung one of the leading Baptist churches of the city. During the two years of her teaching, she saved almost enough money to take her to Hillsdale College for two years. She supplemented her savings by waiting on table. At the end of two years she was engaged to teach in the grammar school in Jonesville, but because of a call coming from India, which she decided to accept, she resigned her teachership and went. She was to receive just one-half the salary as missionary which she would have received as a teacher. She went in company with Rev. A. J. Marshall and wife, Dr. O. R.

Bacheler and wife, and daughter, Mary, then a girl of thirteen years. I have written the story of her life in a separate book. Miss Katherine Mayo, who wrote "Mother India," procured a copy of this book. Writing to me of the book she said, "I have read your book with delight and wish the whole world could read it." She was an ideal Christian. Mr. Moody once said in answer to the question, "How can a person tell whether a man is sanctified?" "Ask his wife," was the reply. No person ever walked with God, talked with God and lived for God, more closely than she.

Her station was Midnapore. She made rapid advancement in the study of the language and soon began her work as superintendent of zenana work, which rapidly enlarged in her hands. She went to Miss Crawford, who had a large girls' orphanage, and asked for six of her best girls to act as zenana teachers. Miss Crawford said, "Yes, Libbie, I will be glad to give you some teachers, but you want my best. Who is going to take the dull girls?" Libbie said, "Give me four bright girls and I will try two dull ones," which was done. One of the dull girls was named Lottie, but she did not advance her zenana pupils. The inspector said, "Lottie must go as she is no good as a teacher." Libbie called Lottie and told her. "But," said Lottie, "How can I teach the alphabet when they need to know of Christ?" Then Libbie asked her if she would like to take old Chandama with her and go out into the villages and just tell the women of Christ and sing to them and pray with them? That, she said, would be the greatest pleasure she could imagine. That is the beginning of the work of Bible women in India as far as known. After three years of intense work she broke under the strain and was obliged to return to

America. In America, where she finished her college work, I met and married her, Feb. 28, 1881, on her thirtieth birthday.

We went to India, arriving in Calcutta, Dec. 31, 1883. For a year we were in Midnapore and then were transferred to Balasore, where we were for nine years. Those were eventful years in our lives. In the story of her life, I have spoken in detail of what she did. We had a boys' orphanage, an industrial school of more than one hundred pupils, a number of other schools of native preachers and the church. She went on country tours and also had charge of a number of Bible women whom she often accompanied. Besides this work we had in our care part of the time, Jellasore, Santipore and Metrapore. At the end of nine years we came home. These, too, were active years. Mrs. Griffin was a member of our General Conference Board all the time we were in America. She was also missionary correspondent for the Board for years and held the pastorate of two churches. She was the first woman in the state of New York to be recognized by the Baptist denomination as a regularly ordained minister. We returned to India in 1904. Our station this time was Santipore. Those were hard and yet blessed years but we saw the work of the Lord prosper in our hands. I will not attempt here to tell what we tried, in weakness, to do. Only one thing I will mention—the founding of a Normal Training School, of which she was superintendent, besides teaching daily in the school.

We returned in the summer of 1909 and came to our old home. Jan. 5, 1927, she left us for the better land. She was a friend of everyone and everyone loved her.

Z. F. Griffin

My work in India is so closely connected with that of my wife that it can hardly be separated. It is true that each of us had some distinctive work. When we had been in India but two weeks, Dr. J. L. Phillips, who had had charge of the mission press turned it over to me. To say it was pretty badly run down casts no reflection on him. He had his hands more than full. His heart was in the Bible School, as it should have been, and that was highly prosperous. When he made it over, he told me that there was no appropriation for it, and that it must stand on its own merits or fall. Richard Lawrence, who had charge of it a few years before, had made it eminently successful. I thought if he could, I could. To this end I worked and am glad to say that at the end of the year I left it in good shape. This was not because of any superior financial ability I possessed, but because I was alert both as to securing work and seeing that it was turned out.

In Balasore I was what is called "In charge." Now being in charge does not mean that I had supervision over the work of other missionaries, but rather that I had charge of the mission property and must sign legal papers, etc. To be in charge of Balasore, Jellasore, Santipore and Metrapore meant a lot of clerical work and also a lot of care and anxiety. If I had any gift beyond that of my fellow workers, it was in seeing the future value of real estate for mission purposes. I have spoken of the purchase of the Dorcas Smith property. The land where the girls' school now stands was rice land when we went to Balasore but I thought we would need it, so I hunted up the owner and bought it. Some of

our missionaries thought I was "visionary," but I told them I had bought it on my own responsibility and was quite willing to keep it if the mission did not want it. They finally concluded to take it. We established and maintained our industrial school in Balasore with no expense to the home Board. The same is true of Santipore but with the addition of the large brick school house and also the industrial workshop which was of brick and covered with corrugated iron. These were built with no expense to the home Board. It would not be of interest to explain how it was done but it was done honestly and above-board in utilizing the industrial workshops. I know that these are material additions and often essential to the growth of the kingdom of God. "Teach" as well as "preach" was the command; but sometimes to teach we must buy land and build houses. In this we also "preach," for here is often sown the seeds of the Kingdom.

This completes the list of the sketches of my countrymen missionaries. I wish, from the depth of my heart, that I could have said all I have felt in my heart to say of the admiration and affection I have for most of these devoted men and women. They have had the martyr spirit—

> They have bared their necks to feel the stroke,
> Who follows in their train?

In the second part of this book I have given the story of my own life. It is of greater length simply because I know it better than I do the story of any of my contemporaries.

I have so arranged with the publishers that there is no additional cost for the last part of the book to the

reader, as I pay for that myself. I hope it, too, may be of interest to some.

My Indian Missionary Associates

There are about a score of these whom I should like to write about but the difficulty is a lack of knowledge of the details of their lives. I knew them, loved them and appreciated them for what they were in their own character and for what they were doing for the kingdom of God. Aside from that I knew but little of their history.

Kamal Nayak

I shall speak first of this godly man because I knew him better than any other of my India workers. He had been a Hindu, had belonged to a respectable family and received something of an education. He was especially well versed in the sacred literature of that religion. He chanced one day to be walking along the street where Dr. Jeremiah Phillips was preaching and stopped to listen. He was very much impressed by what he heard and became an enquirer and then a convert. However it took weeks to accomplish this change. He soon became an evangelist himself and was most diligent in the study of the Bible and other religious books. I first became acquainted with him early in the year 1885. Mr. Coldren brought him up to my study to introduce to me the man who was to be my right-hand man. We were pleased to see each other but I was a little disappointed in his appearance. He was rather short of stature, a little stooped and had a way of letting his chin drop. However he had a kindly eye and a pleasant smile. On occasions his eyes became brilliant and piercing. We soon

became warm friends. For nine years he was with me on all sorts of occasions and never once was there a shadow of disagreement between us. He was a man of God, true and faithful. I would trust him with uncounted money and never once did I see an attempt to deceive or to prevaricate.

He was for a time pastor of the Balasore church, but was preëminently an evangelist. He was like an old war horse, fairly champing at the bits when we were getting ready to start out on a country trip. Let him get into a big market where there were from a thousand to three thousand people, and, to use a slang phrase, "there was something doing." If I were there, that would help, for a crowd always gathers about a "Sahib" in these country places. In all such places there are those who ask questions and dispute. You may often hear this said by someone, "Fight him." They mean argue with him. When we found a convenient place we would begin. He always started off in a most slow and measured way, giving the impression that he knew but little and hardly knew how to tell what little he knew. This attitude had a tendency to draw on those who were disposed to dispute. Perhaps they would ask a question. He would answer by asking them one. By his great knowledge of their own writings, he would soon have his opponents in a net of their own weaving and they were glad to get away. Sarcasm is a mode of address very common in India and very telling. When he saw that his opponent was anxious for an excuse to retire he would tell the crowd to make room for him to pass out for he had some pressing business in the market and should not be detained. Usually the way was clear for him to deliver his message. To tell all of our experi-

ences would consume much space. When we returned to India in 1904, we went at once to Balasore to call on some of our old friends. I went, first of all, to see dear old Kamal Nayak. He had been blind for some time and was sitting on his veranda in the inner court of his home; he had his cane in his hand and his head was leaning on it. I saluted him. He said, "Do I hear the voice of my beloved friend Griffin Sahib?" "Yes, my brother, it is my own voice." "Come near me and let me put my hand upon your head." This I did. "The Lord be praised that I can once more hear your voice though I cannot see your face. I can see nothing about me but I can see the King in his beauty; I can see the mansion in my Father's house and I can see my Savior waiting to give even unworthy me a welcome." After prayer, we parted. The next news I heard of him was that he had gone. His life went out in a flood of glory from the upper world.

Samuel Das

Samuel was a teacher of Sanskrit in the Bible School. He was a very quiet and unobtrusive man. No one would suspect that he was a profound Sanskrit scholar, and yet such was the case. Though quiet, he had a very warm heart and sought, in every way possible, to promote the welfare of the students under his care. He was devoutly Christian and exerted a good influence wherever he went. Even the Hindus who knew him well had a great respect for him.

In the quiet life of the class room there was nothing spectacular, so nothing much can be said. It was a great grief to all the missionaries in our field, as well as our native Christian communities, when the news came of his death.

Miriam Curtis

Miriam was one of our most earnest and devout Bible women and a most faithful Christian woman. She was born in Dalbhum, a Hindu village many miles from Midnapore.

The story of the conversion of her father is very interesting. There were five families in this village, who, many years ago, renounced idolatry and turned to Christ for salvation. Dr. Bacheler baptized these people in their own village. They lived on in their own village in the midst of much persecution, witnessing daily for Christ. At length the father died and Miriam's mother, with the children, moved into Midnapore in order that the children might have an education. She was married to a son of Silas Curtis. Silas was one of my oldest preachers and had been adopted into the home of Jeremiah Phillips in Serampore. It was he who brought relief for Mr. Phillips from Cuttack, by writing on a palm leaf of his condition. This digression makes us better acquainted with Miriam.

There are two words which characterize her more than any others, zeal and faithfulness.

We have had a goodly number of Bible women but have had very few who were so intensely in earnest as she. With her the work of soul saving was an intense passion. She was beautiful in feature, winsome in manner, and pleasant in disposition. All who knew her loved her and she had also the respect of the Hindu community. She was in her element when she could accompany missionaries in their cold season tours. She has finished her work, but as we hear of this one and that one dropping out, we wonder who will take their places.

Rev. Natobar Singh, of Balasore

Natobar Singh was the second son in a family of three boys and two girls who lived to grow up. His father was a waif, rescued from human sacrifice by the Indian Government, and given to the missionaries at Balasore to bring up. He became a member of the church, and a worthy citizen of the town. Natobar's mother was Rebecca, daughter of Rama Mishra, one of the first preachers of the mission. All the children have been useful Christians, and the oldest son, Charles, has spent his life in mission service.

Natobar was born in Balasore in the early seventies. He attended the local mission schools, and joined the church as a lad. When old enough, he asked to be sent to the Bible School at Midnapore, but at the end of the first year, his conscience troubled him, for he did not intend to become a mission worker. He left school, and secured employment in the local post office where he was diligent and faithful in his work. He rose steadily from one position to another until he was sent out to take charge of a little branch office some seventy or eighty miles away. His income had increased with promotion. About this time he married a fine young woman, and seemed well started in life.

His post office was in a Hindu community, but he did not hide his light. He made friends among the young men, and began to interest some of them in the Bible. They were a long way from medical help, and one day he fell ill with a severe attack of malarial fever. Alarmed, lest he should die and his body be thrown out to be devoured by jackals and vultures, he called a friend, who had learned something of the postal business, put him in charge of the office, and started for Balasore.

On arrival there, he learned that the English superintendent of post offices was also there. He was wellnigh panic stricken. Absence from duty without leave was a grave offense, involving a jail sentence if discovered, and discovery seemed certain. In great distress, he went to the Hindu postmaster, under whom he had formerly served, to ask advice. This man was his friend, and urged him to go to the superintendent and confess his fault.

Natobar went home and prayed in desperation to be saved from his danger. He promised the Lord that if He would save him, he would, as soon as possible, give up his present work and take up service with the mission. So great was his anguish that profuse perspiration broke out, and the fever abated.

Then he went to see his superintendent and met him at the door. To the man's surprised question, he faltered out his confession. The Englishman was astonished, for this was the first time he had known of such a confession. After some consideration he said, "You may go back to your post, and if everything is all right, I will drop the matter." Natobar went back at once, found that his friend had kept everything straight, and so that incident was ended.

The Lord had answered his prayer, and now it was for Natobar to keep his promise. He wrote asking for employment in the mission. That was in 1902. The only work we could offer him was in a village of thieves, where some of the people had professed conversion and were trying to lead honest lives. It was a place which had daunted the hearts of several men, and no one was willing to try it further. The pay was small, hardly more than half what he was receiving, with far less prospect

of advance. He knew the place and people, and said he would go.

His work in Ujurda began in 1903 and lasted over three years. He was teacher, preacher, pastor, friend, helper, counselor; all that a man could be to such needy people. They came to love and honor him, and he helped them as no one else had ever done.

In the autumn of 1906, his home church in Balasore, the oldest and largest in the mission, asked him to become its pastor. He hesitated for some time, feeling his lack of preparation, but after a conference with friends, and much prayerful consideration, accepted the invitation, and began his pastorate in the latter part of the year.

At this time some remarkable experiences of God's grace were taking place in the Christian communities of other missions, more particularly in Assam. Rev. J. Pengwern Jones, a Welsh missionary accustomed to this kind of work, was secured to hold a series of meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life at Santipore, near the center of our field. Most of the missionaries and mission workers attended. Mr. Jones preached searching sermons on the need of clean hearts and hands, and whole-hearted union with the Lord Jesus.

The effect seemed slight until about the third evening, when Natobar was seized with a conviction of his own dire need of cleansing from secret sins. In great agony of soul he prayed for just a drop of the blood that was shed on Calvary to fall on him and cleanse his guilty soul. Humbled and broken, he confessed his sins openly, and in such sense as few experience, he was born again. The effect on others was marvelous, and many dated a new walk with God from that gathering.

Natobar went back to his church truly a new man. Like a little child he became a learner in the school of the Master who loved him, and whom he now loved as never before. The change in him was such that his church "caught fire," went through a period of renewing such as none had ever seen, and entered upon a new career of usefulness from that time. For ten years or more he continued his ministry there. Then, because his heart yearned over the "lost sheep" of his people, and his health was not of the best, he begged them to release him for general evangelistic work, to which he has since devoted his time.

In his modesty and self-effacing spirit, his childlike freedom from suspicion and malice, and his simple life of purity and trust, Natobar Singh is a monument of divine grace. These qualities have endeared him to all who know him. His is a gospel of love and good will, exemplified in life as well as preached in words. His one aim, since that heart-searching experience in Santipore, has been to be like his Master, and to persuade others to know and love Him.

Sachiedananda Rai

We landed in Calcutta the latter part of December, 1883 and very soon afterward became acquainted with Sachie. He was at that time a teacher in the Bible School in Midnapore, Bengal. I was new to the country, the language and all the surroundings, so did not at once become intimately acquainted with him, but still I did notice that he was different from the rest. He was large, had a most pleasant smile and a radiant face. As time passed I became better and better acquainted, learned

something of his history and what almost every man has to face who takes the stand which he took.

His father and mother came from northern India and were stationed in the village of Dinmarie, some twenty miles south of Midnapore in the province of Bengal. He was a Brahman by caste and an Inspector of Police. Their first child was a girl unfortunately. After two years a son was born and they named him "Sachiedananda" which means "Messenger of Joy," for only a boy can bring gladness to a Hindu home. This was in the year 1860.

It has been the custom of our missionaries from the first, more so then than now, to itinerate during the winter months. At this particular time, Rev. E. C. B. Hallam went south and pitched his tent at Narrungarh, which was six miles from the boy's home but where Sachiedananda was attending school, as there was no school in Dinmarie. Boy-like, he was attracted at first by the tents. He went over where they were and heard a European preaching in good Bengali, for Mr. Hallam was an excellent linguist. He was greatly impressed. He bought a tract, "The Jewel Mine of Salvation," and read it through and through. He came again and again so long as the tents were there. He wanted to join them, go with them and accept their teachings, but Mr. Hallam told him that he was under age and subject to his father and that he dare not take him. He told the boy to remember what he had heard and after he became of age, he could do as he pleased. Two years later Dr. J. L. Phillips came to the village and again preached. Again the boy was there and again wanted to join them, but he was still under age and his father would not hear of the boy becoming a Christian. Dr. Phillips encouraged him to study and

find out all he could about Christianity and then perhaps the time would come when he could accept it.

About that time there occurred a sad thing in the history of the family. The father as Police Inspector was accused of taking a bribe to hush up a crime. He denied the charge to the day of his death and his son always believed him innocent, but he was sent to jail for a term of years. That a man is found guilty in a court trial in India is no proof whatever that he is guilty. This circumstance, however, gave the boy a chance to carry out his wishes. In the meantime he had been attending a higher grade of school in Midnapore under the direction of the Church of England. Here the Bible was studied. Sachie found his old acquaintance, Dr. Phillips, and publicly professed faith in Christ. He was immersed and joined the church in Midnapore.

He was a diligent student, spoke English fairly well and became one of the leading men in our mission. He had a commanding presence, a beautiful voice, a rich flow of words, a zeal which was like a consuming fire, a radiant smile and a deep knowledge of things spiritual. For twenty-five years he was one of the outstanding men in all our religious gatherings. There was no failure with him there and perhaps some of us had come to think that there could be no great success without him. Though a proud Brahman by birth, he was as humble as his Lord and Master and was with us as one who served. For a term of years he was pastor of our Midnapore church and later of our oldest and largest church at Balasore. He was the first of the Indian brethren who was placed on the Mission Committee and on an equal footing with the missionaries who found him to be a very valuable addition. From him we could get the viewpoint of our

Indian workers. His evening addresses in the bazars were always listened to with great attention.

There was nothing which pleased him better than making trips through country villages and preaching the Word. In conventions for the deepening of the spiritual life or the consideration of India's problems, whether in Calcutta, Cuttack or wherever they might be held, his name was always an attraction. When he spoke, he spoke to the point.

When he died there was great lamentation not only among our Indian Christian communities but in every missionary's home in our field. The Hindus also had a great respect for him. On a marble tablet in the church in Midnapore are written these words:

"Sacred to the Memory of
Sachiedananda Rai
Born, 1860—Died, 1912.

A zealous and efficient evangelist, a faithful and loving pastor, and a devoted servant of Christ."

Chundra Lela

I first met Chundra Lela on a steamboat going up to Calcutta from Midnapore. That was in the year 1884. She could not speak a word of English and I not very much Bengali, so our conversation was not very voluminous. But I knew who she was and she knew who I was, so we managed by words and gestures to say something. She had with her a Hindu sacred book engraven on palm leaf. I think it was Bhagavat Gite. She saw how much I was interested in it and she gave it to me as a keepsake. I have it still and highly prize it, not

only because such books are very rare, but also because of associations. In the sketch of Mr. Wyman, I have spoken of the publication of her life and how I came to have it published. If anyone is interested in the story of this wonderful woman, the book may be had at the Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, Pa., price 75 cents. Aside from Pandita Ramabai, Chundra Lela is the most widely known Indian woman. Briefly the story of her life follows:

She was the daughter of the priest to the king of Nepal and was born not far from the year 1840. Her father was very fond of her and contrary to custom, took great pains to teach her to read and write. She being very precocious, learned to read quickly and became quite learned in the sacred books of the Hindus. At the age of seven she was married, but did not go at once to the home of her husband. She speaks of the occasion as being one of great display. Two years later her husband died and although she had never lived with him, she was just as much a widow as if she had spent many years with him. According to the laws of Nepal, the widow inherits the property of the husband. By this, she came into possession of some gold and many jewels. When she was twelve years of age her father made a pilgrimage to Puri, taking Chundra Lela, her mother and a number of servants with him. Not long after arriving he died. The return journey to Nepal was long and tedious and involved much suffering, especially on the part of the mother.

A short time after her return home she resolved that she herself would not only make a pilgrimage but that she would become a wandering devotee and go from one holy place to another in order to find peace for her soul.

She made a belt to contain a lot of gold coins and taking her jewels, she with two widow servants whom she had induced to join her, stole out by night and started on their long pilgrimages. They went from one shrine to another, not only a few miles apart but hundreds of miles. She went north, south, east and west, all over India. She spent her money and her jewels. At last she came to Midnapore to the palace of the rajah as a priestess of the family. Here she came in touch with some Christian teachers and finally with Mrs. Burkholder, who showed her the way of life more perfectly. It was not without a struggle that she threw aside her old superstitions, but the new way appealed to her. She entered into the Christian life with a rich experience, so much so, that all doubt was removed. She began the study of the Bible with the same zeal she had studied the Hindu shasters. As soon as possible, she wanted to go to every place preaching Christ, where she had gone as a Hindu devotee, and this she did for many years, at her own expense. She trusted in the Lord to supply her needs. Finally, when she could no longer travel, we made her a house close by the road so she could sit in her own dooryard and tell the good news to the passers-by. She was faithful unto death. Nov. 26, 1907, the messenger called for her. Her last words were, "Four bright angels have come to take me to Jesus."

PART II

MY MISSIONARY ASSOCIATES

The Story of My Life

Z. F. Griffin

Foreword

Most children think that father and mother are the most wonderful people in the world. The boy thinks that what father cannot do, no one can do. The girl also has the same opinion of both father and mother. Wise are those parents who make use of this confidence to bring the children into the ways of truth and godliness by wise precepts and good example, and happy is that parent who can retain through life the good opinion of his children. It sometimes happens that the child after he has seen more of the world, discovers that the parent is not all he thought he was, or that the parent professed to be. That is a sad discovery for both parent and child. Some of my children think I should write the story of my life. It is gratifying to me to know they think that it is worthwhile writing. The facts will no doubt be interesting to my children and possibly to my posterity and a few very dear friends. There is one thing I can say, and I think no one who knows me will deny, that I have never been a lazy man. I have found great pleasure in work and have never been at a loss to find something to do. I may also say that I have always tried to be kind and considerate in my family relations. I have always realized that I had social obligations, and have tried to discharge my duties to my neighbors as well as my fellow men. So far as I have understood the situation, I have tried to apply the golden rule to my life. I have tried to live at peace with all men.

I have fought both social and political evils to the best of my ability. I have thought it my duty as a good

citizen to do this and not leave it wholly for "Jake." I have written freely to Presidents, Senators and Members of the House expressing my views. In short, I have tried to be an upright, loyal, Christian citizen. Wherein I have come short has been a matter of the head and not the heart. I may add without wishing to boast that constitutionally I am a builder. I think that all our missionaries will bear me out in saying that perhaps no one of our missionaries has added more to the material assets of our mission than I.

CHAPTER I

My Ancestry and Childhood

I was born in Illinois, Ogle County, in the little village of Oregon on Rock River, not far from the present city of Rockford, on the 14th day of November, 1844. I was the third child and the first-born son. My sister, Cordelia, was six years older than I, while another sister, Alvira, who died in childhood, was three years my senior. There were five children younger, of whom I may speak later on.

A good many years ago, in my father's house, I was shown a proof sheet of a book in which was given the genealogy of my father's family. I looked it over and jotted down the following facts, but as I expected to purchase the book, did not make copious jottings. These I find in my diary:

About 1652, Edward Griffin came from Wales and settled in Flushing, L. I. His son Richard was born in 1670; Richard's son Edward, in 1708; and Edward's son, Obediah, about 1740. Obediah must have been my grandfather's father. My grandfather Obediah was born in the state of New York about 1760 or '61.

After a short time my father died and I lost all trace of the book though I tried to find out who the author was. Being the first-born son, I was of course a remarkable son and was destined to be a remarkable man. I must therefore have a name out of the ordinary. My father's name was just plain Jacob but such an ordinary name would not do for me. As my father and mother were very religious the Bible was searched for a suitable

name, and they found the name "Zebina." Then the pages of history were searched and they found the name "Flavius." Zebina Flavius I was named. My dear parents meant well enough but they really burdened me with a name. Many a time I have wished they had named me William or John or even Peter. When a little boy, people often asked me my name and I would have to tell them. Sometimes they would say, "What a queer name," or "Where in the world did they find such a name?" I got so I would hang my head in shame every time anyone would ask me my name. The moral I need not mention.

At school the boys soon unraveled the name and I was called "Bina" and that was the name I went by although my mother always called me Zebina.

My father was born, Nov. 5, 1815, in what was then known as Canada West, now Ontario, and not far from the present city of Hamilton. When my grandfather was a young man he left his people and went to Nova Scotia. Why he went there, I do not know unless it was the pull of adventure. While there, he married a Scotch lassie by the name of Hannah McIntyre. What a cook she was! There were born to them in Nova Scotia the following boys: Samuel, Abraham, Stephen and James. There were two girls also, but I saw them but once and as they lived in a different part of the country I do not know their names. I think Susannah was the name of one. My father was born soon after they came to Canada.

Very soon after his birth, they went into a veritable wilderness. It was in the county of Elgin and on what was then known as the "Back Street" and about twelve miles from the present city of St. Thomas. Two great

roads had been laid out; one running near the shores of Lake Erie and the other somewhat parallel to it but about four miles farther north. The road along the lake shore was called the "Front Street." This street was naturally settled first but my grandfather chose the Back Street. Here he purchased or took up one hundred acres of land, which was at that time an unbroken forest. They had to clear a place on which to build the log house which was their home for many years. I did not see the forest myself but have often heard my father tell of the struggles they had in clearing up the woods and getting enough to eat. When I knew the place, it was a productive farm. One of their neighbors had a farm of two hundred acres, fifty acres of which he would allow no man to cut. I have, as a boy, wandered through this wood many a time and looked with admiration on some of those gigantic trees. This part of the country abounded in black walnut and sugar maple trees. Many of these black walnut trees were six and seven feet in diameter, and sixty or more feet without a limb. All the other trees were very large. We may try to imagine a man single-handed, with an axe, going into such a forest and converting it into a cultivated field. My own father never had a pair of shoes until after he was ten years of age and no chance of attending school until a little later. Finally, a school was opened but by that time he was able to do his bit in keeping the wolf from the door and therefore had time for very little schooling. The youngest boy of the family, John, was born on this farm.

When my father was sixteen years of age there came into the community a traveling evangelist by the name of Elder Jenkins, who held a series of religious meetings. He was a very interesting man and considered in his day

a very excellent preacher. He surely did create a great religious interest wherever he went. When I was a boy of about ten, I remember seeing this same Elder Jenkins, who was then an old man, but like Paul, was visiting the churches he had established many years before. In the first meeting which he held in the community, my father was converted, baptized and united with the church. The religious denomination to which he belonged was known as "Free Will Baptists."

It may seem strange to us in this day of enlightenment, but the regular Baptist denomination, as well as the Presbyterians and some others, believed that God had foreordained that certain persons were to be eternally damned and certain others were elected to be saved. Man had no choice in the matter. A Baptist minister in New Hampshire by the name of Benjamin Randall said he could not preach such an absurd and cruel doctrine. He said God wanted all men everywhere to be saved and that all who would come to Him, might come, and be saved. His mission was to persuade men to be willing to come to God. For this reason the Regular Baptists called him a "Freewiller," and they cast him out. By his preaching, "mightily grew the word of God and prevailed." Churches which accepted his leadership were numerous. Thus, in derision, came the name, "Freewill Baptists." Later they named themselves "Free Baptists." They said "Freewill" is too restricted. We believe not only in "free will" but also in "free salvation" for all who will accept it and also "free communion" with all God's people.

As to my mother's family, I do not know so much. My mother's name was Emeline Wade. Her mother's name was Nancy Kitchen. Her Uncle Beam founded

the flourishing village of Beamsville, Ont. My grandmother's mother came from Holland and never learned to speak the English language well. My mother's father's name was Bryant Wade, but of his people we know nothing for he was early left an orphan and knew nothing of his people. Speaking of his ancestry reminds me of a story I once heard. Three or four men were speaking of their ancestors. One had a grandfather who was a general; another's grandfather was in the United States Senate. The third said that he could not say much about his ancestors but he begged to remind them that he was something of an ancestor himself. By all I have heard of my grandfather Wade he was something of an ancestor himself. He certainly was a leader in his family and in his family connections. He was born in New Jersey, in the year 1790, November 5th. I heard my mother say that her father was just twenty-five years older to a day than her husband.

My mother's parents moved with their family of little children to "Front Street" already spoken of, and not far from the present city of St. Thomas, about the same time that my Grandfather Griffin had settled in the "Back Street." Elder Jenkins held a protracted meeting in their neighborhood and my mother, then eleven years of age, gave her heart to her Lord and was baptized in Kettle Creek, February, 1828. Here was a common bond: the Griffin family with six boys and two girls on the Back Street and the Wade family of six girls and one boy on the Front Street. Thus my father and mother came together. They were married, October 6, 1836. He was twenty-one years of age and she seventeen. For more than sixty years they lived together in love and sweet fellowship and had a family of eight children. Two

years after their marriage, the Wade family decided to try their fortune in the West where so many were going, so set out in a covered wagon in 1837. My father and mother joined the party. On the 12th of February, 1838, near Rockford, Ill., my sister Cordelia was born. That was a pretty new country in 1838 but they had the pioneer blood in their veins and the pioneer faith that enabled them to overcome many difficulties. My sister, Alvira, who died in childhood, was born December 9, 1840. We may be sure they had their trials. If this were the time and place, I could tell of some of the experiences through which they passed. They went out to take up land and become farmers but after being in the country six years, and seeing the great need of Christian work amongst the rapidly increasing new settlers, my father began preaching on Sundays as opportunity offered, and attended to his farm duties during the week. He was so successful in these services that he organized seven churches between the years 1844 to 1852.

He was a man who had not had school privileges but mother had an education and taught him many things. He learned to read well from either the Bible or hymn book. He did have a very sweet voice and could sing well. He was kind, sympathetic and very eloquent either in prayer or preaching and withal he was very devout and zealous. What he lacked in learning he made up in other ways. For the kind of work he was doing and for the time in which he lived, it would be hard to find a man of greater ability. In fact, his very lack of "book learning" was an asset with these people who, like himself, had most sturdy qualities but lacked an education. My mother was as good a preacher as my father; some said, better.

After he had given eight or nine years to this kind of work in Illinois, he went back to Canada on a visit. While there, his old friends and neighbors persuaded him to move back and take up the work with them, where there seemed to be many open doors.

Before speaking of the journey back to Canada, I am reminded of one or two experiences of my earlier childhood. One of these was being initiated into my first school. My father's farm was on two roads while the schoolhouse was at the four corners, not more than twenty rods from our house. For the first six years, I lived a comparatively free life. I could go out to the barn with my father, into the kitchen with my mother or out in the garden with the flowers. With certain restrictions I could do about what I pleased. When I was six years old my people thought it time for me to begin school. I was surely proud the day I started to school. I was now going to be like other boys. It went very well for a few days but very soon the novelty wore off and sitting in the stuffy school house all day long, with but a brief recess, became very monotonous. One day, after about four days of that kind of an experience, I proposed to a chum of about my own age that we skip school and go to a near-by creek and play. The proposition met with a ready response, and off we went. The creek was about half a mile away from the schoolhouse. We had not much more than nicely arrived when glancing up in the direction of the schoolhouse, we saw my mother coming down the road. She had in her hand a nice little switch which she had broken from a hazel bush growing in the fence corner. The switch in her hand and her rather firm step were not very assuring to me. When she approached me and firmly took my arm in her hand, she

informed me that school was the place I was supposed to be at that particular time. She enforced her remarks by a few well-directed strokes on my bare legs with the switch. It was some years before I attempted to repeat the experiment.

Another thing stands out prominent in my memory. Seventy-five years ago, prairie chickens and quails were very common and could be found in large flocks in the west. Many of the first settlers caught these in traps for food. It may seem strange to us, in these days of plenty, that our forefathers were driven to such an extreme but such was the fact. My father made such a trap with a crate, one end sitting on the ground while the other edge was on a figure four. Shelled corn was scattered about and under the trap while a bit of an ear of corn was attached to the figure four. When this was picked by the bird the figure four would collapse and the crate fall. Of course all birds under it were caught. Approaching the trap was an exciting adventure. Would we have some birds or would we not? Sometimes we did and sometimes we did not. In later years, devices were invented which could catch these beautiful birds by the hundreds, so that now they have become practically extinct.

The one outstanding experience in my life, up to that time, was moving in a covered wagon from Illinois to Canada. My father bought a long wagon with springs under the box. He then went to the grove and cut some small hickory trees which he used to make bows to bend over the box. On these he spread canvas to keep out both rain and sun. The end could be drawn together so as to make a perfectly tight house in the back end of the wagon. He had a spring seat in the front end upon

which he and mother sat. They made two straw ticks, which during the day were placed one on the other as a house for the three eldest children: my sister, Cordelia, fourteen; myself, eight; and my brother, Bryant, born July 22, 1847, about five. My youngest brother, Newell, then a baby, born Aug. 22, 1850, sat with mother in the front seat. It certainly was romantic. No Robinson Crusoe ever enjoyed his makeshifts more than did we. To crawl back into this bed with the assurance that we were fully protected, was the very climax of pleasure. At the back end of the wagon was fastened a box in which to feed the horses their grain. On the sides of the wagon were a few light boxes for clothing and food.

It was a most common thing to see covered wagons going west. The great excitement over gold in California had not yet died down and there were millions of acres of the most fertile land in the world out in Iowa and Nebraska, which had never had a sod turned. These broad lands were being settled. To see a covered wagon going east was quite another thing, and very often required an explanation. My father was not a man to go about with a chip on his shoulder and even if asked an impertinent question, would not give a sharp reply. If asked, "Why are you going east?" he would carefully explain. Sometimes this stood us in hand very well. When it came about time for us to halt for the midday meal or to prepare for the night we would look about for a suitable place. We tried to find a grove near a stream as that would be the ideal place but of course that could not always be found. When found, we would get out and look for some stones upon which to set our kettle and also for some dry sticks to kindle our fire. We could often find vegetables at the homes of farmers or we would cook a

kettle of rice or make some codfish gravy. The fact is, we need but little here below if we only think so. A tin cup, a tin plate, a spoon and knife and fork, was all each of us needed. Our real standby was codfish and bread. It was so good that to this day I never smell codfish but what I think of those memorable days.

I also have a very distinct recollection of our calling at a farm house quite late one Saturday afternoon. It must have been in Michigan. I can see the house and its surroundings now, as if we had passed it but yesterday. The house was on one side of the road and the barn on the opposite side. My father went to the door and had some conversation with the good people of the house and the man walked out with him and opened the barn doors. My father drove the team in and unhitched the horses and put them in the stall. We all got out and while we children walked about to see what was to be seen, mother went into the house. Very soon we were called in and sat down to a very substantial supper. I remember that the supper tasted good and we ate to our heart's content, but the only thing I remember as being on the table was plenty of ripe peaches. The good housewife told us to eat all the peaches we wanted as they had more than they could possibly dispose of. After our scant diet of bread and codfish, the peaches did taste good. My father told the man that he would be glad to preach in the nearby schoolhouse the following morning if a congregation could be secured. Just how it was done I do not know. They had no telephones, that is certain. But a very good congregation was secured and my father preached. Some of the people came to my father and told him how they had enjoyed the service. When we came to leave Monday morning the man of the house

not only refused to take anything for the accommodation they had given us, saying they were more than paid, but gave us a big basket of peaches to eat on the way.

The only other really exciting incident which I remember while we were passing through Michigan occurred in Detroit. My father had had a check sent to him to meet some of the expenses of the journey and he intended to get this cashed in Detroit. He went to the bank in all confidence but was told that unless he could get someone to identify him he could not get it cashed. He was a stranger in the city and so this could not be done. We were in a hard place. By the time we had crossed the river on the ferry we had scarcely a cent left, and it was almost dark. I remember we drove through the village of Windsor and stopped at a farm house near the edge of the little town. My father told the people our situation and asked for the privilege of putting the wagon and horses in the barn as well as allowing the family to spend the night in the house. I suppose the surroundings did not permit us staying by the roadside as we had often done. I know that the bed for us children was brought in from the wagon and made on the floor and that my father and mother were given a good bed. My father told them that as soon as we arrived at our journey's end, he would send the money for our accommodation, but they refused to take anything for what they had done. They wanted to pass it on as an act of kindness to a wayfarer. We found out that they were Roman Catholics. I had somehow got the impression that a Roman Catholic was almost outside the bounds of humanity; that they were something to be feared. This is the same idea that many Roman Catholics have of Protestants. Here was a Roman Catholic family taking in a Protestant minister

and being as kind as anyone could be. What absurd ideas we sometimes cherish!

The next day we pushed on as fast as possible. My people had a place in mind which they must reach that night. By urging on the horses as fast as possible we reached the place at dark. I remember that the whole place looked as if it was simply swarming with life: wagons, horses, men, noise and confusion. This was a big farm house where they were boarding men and teams that were building the Great Western Railway through their farm. This was in 1852. These people were either relatives or old friends of my people. I believe my father had his purse replenished here for I heard no more of the shortage. After three or four more days, we arrived at our destination. A small house had been secured for us on what was known as the "Back Street" and not very far from the village of Ionia, about twelve miles from the present city of St. Thomas. We were soon settled in our new home; my father began his work and I was sent to school.

CHAPTER II

School Days

The schools at that time in Canada, especially for small boys, were simply places of torture. I was obliged to sit on a bench all day, so high that my feet could not touch the floor and if by chance the teacher saw us looking off our books we were flogged.

While we were living at this place I had a rather interesting experience. A circus and menagerie were coming to St. Thomas. Great red bills were posted on the sides of barns along the road. There were pictures of wonderful animals, girls riding horses and jumping through hoops and all sorts of performances. Of course we children were greatly interested. We looked at the pictures and made all sorts of comments. At length the question was raised of my sister attending, as some young man had taken quite a fancy to her and wanted to take her to see the show. My people were not very favorably inclined. They did not approve of circuses. They thought the attitude of some of the girls was quite immodest and that the jokes of the clowns were often quite indecent. However, the animals were a sort of redeeming feature. These were educational. They finally gave their consent but only on the condition that I should go along. Of course I was most happy that they had made that condition. I dare say the young man inwardly wished me in some other place but he accepted the terms and on the day of the show drove around quite early with his horse and buggy. He had a bundle of green grass in the back of the buggy for his horse and this was also

to be my seat. At first I sat with my legs hanging down behind. However, I soon discovered that my position was not very comfortable and then I put my feet under me. This also was not a very comfortable position for long, but I had nothing else to do for the three hours' ride but adjust myself to various positions. At length we arrived and the young man put his horse in the barn of a tavern some two miles from the grounds where the show was to take place. This distance we walked.

When we at last arrived on the grounds what a scene presented itself. Here were great crowds of people, glittering bandwagon, men in uniforms, music and tents galore. What excitement and how carried away I was! I hardly knew whether I was on earth or in heaven. My sister and her friend walked along in front and I behind. At length we came to a small tent with a large picture beside it which showed something of what we would see inside. We could hear the picking of banjo strings and a man, standing by the entrance, told us that we had plenty of time to see the wonderful performance inside before the large tent would be opened. My father had given me a shilling, the price of admittance to the large show. This man informed us that the price of admittance to the minstrel show was only a sixpence. I was carried away. I handed him my shilling, he gave me back a sixpence and in I walked. I had no more thought of my sister than if I had none. I stood there in that tent for one hour of the most unalloyed fun a boy ever enjoyed. I was utterly oblivious to everything except the performance. What banjo playing, dancing, singing and jokes! I just threw back my head and laughed to my heart's content. But when the show was over I came to myself. Where was my sister? In vain I searched

in the crowd for her. Then I stationed myself near the entrance of the large tent and watched to see if I could see her. But I watched in vain. I loitered about until the show closed and again watched at the entrance to see if she came out. But there were two exits and of course I could not watch both. So I missed her. I knew there was to be another performance in the evening and as I did not know what else to do, I loitered about the grounds all the afternoon with nothing to eat. In the evening I again stationed myself at the door of the tent to watch, but my efforts were fruitless. With a heavy heart I went back to the hotel where the young man had left his horse, hoping I might find my sister, but his horse and buggy had gone. I sat down on the bench on the veranda.

It was now about 11 P.M. I took out my sixpence from my pocket and wondered if I could, at that time of night, find something to eat. It slipped from my fingers and went rolling off in the dark and I could not find it. The next thing I knew I was looking around in a strange room. I saw there were two other beds in the room and a man asleep in each of them. I saw my cap and shoes lying on the floor beside my bed, while I had my clothes all on. Then the whole situation dawned on me. The kind landlord had seen me asleep on the bench, had carried me upstairs and laid me in a bed where I had slept until the sun was well up. I got up, put on my shoes quietly and went downstairs, out the front door, into the street, and started in the direction of home. I was afraid to see the landlord, for I had not a cent to pay him for my bed. I got as far as the top of the hill up from Kettle Creek when I met my father. My sister, after losing me had gone home before the evening performance but as it was then after dark my people knew that it would be of no use to

look for me. Even before daylight my father had started and we met as I have stated. Which was the more happy I do not know. But that is how I saw my first circus.

It was while living at this place that my brother, Douglas, was born, May 11, 1853.

When I was ten years of age my people moved into another section of the country, this time to the town of Blenheim in Oxford County. Here my brother, Cassius Hallam, was born, Oct. 26, 1857. Again I had a new school with the usual amount of flogging. Here also I had my second experience in running away from school. My father being away somewhere and my mother called away to spend the night with a neighbor who was ill, my brother and I asked to be permitted to go to the house of a neighbor who had a boy of about my age and spend the night. This was arranged. We three boys slept in one bed and had a fine time. The next morning we started to school all right but on the way we had to pass a mill pond. It was a lovely day in June and Frank, our chum, proposed that we play there was no school and go fishing. He also produced a hook and line from his pocket. As our people were away and as the day was most inviting, we did not need much persuasion. We dug some worms and started to fish but there was not much fun for three boys fishing with one hook. I proposed to go up to Mr. Kennedy's (the man who owned the mill) and borrow a hook and line. He had a number of boys and I also knew he had fishing tackle. I went up the hill but just as I reached the top whom should I meet but my mother. I was taken back and she looked surprised. She inquired into the cause of our absence from school and I told her that there was no school that day. She said that she had just come from Mrs. Brown's

and that her girls had gone to school. She was certain that there must be some mistake and advised that we go home and try again after dinner. This we did and thought we had well escaped. We ate our dinner and started out again for school. We had escaped so well in the forenoon that we thought we would try our luck for the afternoon, and besides, we rather feared that the teacher would flog us for not coming in the forenoon. We loitered about here and there putting in an uninteresting afternoon. At length we saw a wagon drive by and knew that the people lived opposite the schoolhouse. We concluded that the people had not left until their children had come home from school so we decided it was time for us to go home. Unfortunately the people came to call on my parents. Mother said we were home early. We told her that school was out. But our callers informed her that they had just come from home and school was not out when they left. Our mother saw through the whole performance. She had a very decided look in her face and we knew something was coming. It came all right when we went to bed.

"Oh what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

I don't believe I ever again attempted to run away from school.

When I was thirteen years of age there came into my life a very distinct experience; we might call it an epoch. It was quite different from anything I had experienced before. Hitherto my relations with my playmates had been transitory. We moved into a place, went to school, had some chums, then moved away and that was the end

of our acquaintance. We just forgot all about them. Now it was something different; it was to be something permanent. I remember it so well because it was the year of the great Indian mutiny in 1857, the greatest tragedy in the history of the world. Here were relations created that were to last a lifetime; friendships formed which lasted through my life. It was here I began to feel the promptings of love and where I eventually got my wife. That winter my father and mother were holding revival meetings in the log schoolhouse at the cross-roads, known as "Harwood's Schoolhouse." There was widespread interest in the meetings and the house was packed every night. Many of the people committed themselves to the Christian life. In those days there was no controversy over the question of "Modernism" or "Fundamentalism." My father did not say anything about "substitutionary atonement" or "vicarious suffering." In a very plain, simple way, so simple that even a child could understand, he exhorted the people to surrender their lives to Christ and be willing to do what they felt he would like to have them do. To make this surrender and be willing from the very depth of their hearts to do the will of God, was the door into the Christian life. This I could understand. This many of the boys and girls and scores of grown people could understand. Over one hundred persons were "buried" with Christ in baptism that winter at the hands of my father. He himself was a Baptist but had charity for the beliefs of other people on the question of baptism.

It was thus that I entered the Christian life and it shaped to a large extent my whole life. This is where we had our first parsonage. Heretofore we had lived in rented houses but now we were to have a permanent

home as long as my father ministered to the church. There was nothing very elegant about it as it was simply a log house.

Following the big revival a church was organized. The people wanted my father to be their minister, but there was no house in which we could live so the people said, "Let us build one." One man contributed a nice piece of land on which to erect a log house and all the people turned out to help build it. Some came with sharp axes to cut trees, some with horses to draw the logs and others to lay the logs in place. Four good men at the corners made these square and perpendicular, while others rolled up the logs in place. There was no stone cellar or cement wall upon which to lay the foundation, so good white oak logs were laid as "mud sills" on the ground and upon these the house was built. After the logs were placed, holes were cut for doors and windows. Poles were cut in the woods for the rafters and the gable ends sided with clapboard. The house consisted of two rooms—one below and one above. The lower room was kitchen, dining room, sitting room and bed room. These occupied their respective places in the one room, while the upstairs room was occupied by three beds. This was the sleeping place for us five boys. Here, of course, was a good place for a lot of fun and frolic at bedtime. If carried too far the voice of our father reminded us that it was "time to be quiet," and we knew what that meant.

Those were days when women knew both how to spin yarn and to weave the yarn into cloth. My mother did both. Heavy all-wool cloth made the sheets and quilts for our bed and the night clothes for us boys as well. Our beds were in the corners and close to the roof. We

could hear the pelting of the snow on the shingles close to us on a cold winter night, but what cared we with our warm feather ticks and woolens! If the weather got too cold, two warm buffalo robes were close at hand. To lie close to the shingles in summer and hear the rain falling so close to you, knowing it could come no closer, was joy unspeakable. Those of us who have experienced the sensation can appreciate the beautiful poem of Mr. Kinney:

"When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a bliss to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead."

I think if I were a millionaire I would build a lot of log houses where the nerve-wrecked people of the great cities could find sleep as I slept when a boy, close to the shingles and listen to the patter of the rain upon the roof. What a relief it would be to get away for a time from the city where the iron wheels of commerce are racing into each other, where the rush and push is ever present and where the tumult and roar is ever sounding in one's ears! Just to lie in a cottage chamber bed and listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead would be better than medicine. Will we ever get back to the simple life?

When I was a little past fourteen years of age I went to work on a farm which adjoined our parsonage, so I was always near home. It consisted of one hundred acres, and was nearly all tillable land and fertile. The man who owned it was an Englishman, a very good

farmer and a fine cultured man. His wife was as good to me as a woman could be and showed me many favors, but was a little peculiar at times. I was to go to work Monday morning so my mother put my work clothes in a carpet bag and started me off Sunday night so I might be there to go to work early Monday morning. I was a proud boy as I started off that night with my bag in hand. I had a serious purpose in mind. I intended to make good. My mother had told me that I had no need to waste time or money. If I did not save my money now I probably never would. If I could not make good now I probably never would. I intended to be successful.

The family for whom I was to work consisted of five girls and three boys. The boy who was to set the pace for me was three years older than I and a big, strong boy. It was hard at times for me to keep up my end with him, but I did the best I could.

There were five girls in the family and one just about my own age. She was a very attractive girl, with a good form, black eyes and hair and a good complexion. She was pleasant and agreeable in every way, a girl that almost any boy might be drawn to. Her mother said to me one day, "I have picked ——— out for you when you are old enough to marry."

It was a very embarrassing situation. I did not want to turn the proposition down for that would seem ungrateful, but I did not want to commit myself to any such engagement. I did what almost any bashful boy would have done, hung my head and said nothing. The girl and I were always friends but nothing more.

I worked five months for $5.00 per month and at the end of that time took home and placed in the hands of

my mother twenty-four dollars and twenty-five cents for safe keeping. I had spent seventy-five cents. The young person who has no one depending on him for support, or partial support, who spends all his earnings as he goes along must expect to become dependent either on his friends or on the state in his old age.

I worked for three months each summer for this same man and went to school the rest of the year. I am glad to say that I did not work all the time for so low a wage. I had taken extra work in the district school so that I was able to finish my high school work when a little under nineteen years of age. At that time I appeared before the dignified board of examiners of teachers in the city of St. Thomas.

The board granted three grades of certificates: first, second and third; any one of which would entitle the holder to teach school. Of course the higher the certificate, the better the school and also the pay. To my great surprise, I received a first class certificate and soon after taught my first school. This was situated on the Talbut Road between the village of Fingal and St. Thomas. I was careful of my expenditures and laid by as much as I could to help me go through college.

During my high school course I had become acquainted with a young man by the name of Charley Clay, who was as likely a young man as could be found. He was unusually handsome, very jolly, a good conversationalist and most companionable. He was the central figure in every social gathering, and we became fast friends. I considered myself very fortunate to have such a friend. It opened the door for me into many places where I would not have gone otherwise. He was a good dancer and card player and could tip off a glass of wine or beer with

elegance. He had received a certificate to teach at the same time I had and as our schools were not far apart, we were thrown much together. He was the stronger character of the two, although I did not realize it at the time.

We planned to attend Hillsdale College the following year and also room together. At the close of the school year I went home. I noticed that whenever I began to discuss the question of Hillsdale College my people were not enthusiastic. I was surprised for it had been their ambition for as many of their children as possible to go to college, and they had always been especially anxious that I should have a college education. Finally, they told me that while they would be more than pleased to have me go to college, they could not give their consent to Hillsdale as they feared that the influence of Charley was not what it should be and they would rather have me remain as I was than get a better education at the expense of my character. I did not realize it at the time but saw later that he was headed in the wrong direction and my people perfectly right in their conclusions.

I had been going for some years, in boy fashion, with a girl in the neighborhood. We were really children together in school. We sat opposite each other behind the long desks which ran lengthwise the entire length of the old log schoolhouse and would sometimes look up from our books to steal a glance at each other. We were more than simply friendly. There was a warm affection between us, though we said nothing about it. When I had been teaching school for perhaps half a year I broached the subject of our marriage at some time in the future. We had no need of declaring our love for one another, as we knew well that we had loved each other for years.

I was to take a college course which would take four or five years, as I would have to fall out at least one year to earn more money. She had the good sense to know that in college I would meet other young women who would be cultured in a way she could never hope to be and that I would be liable to drift away from her. I assured her that I had, during the past two years, met many other young ladies but none of them had in the least dimmed my love for her and that no one ever could. Finally she consented and we became engaged. Her name was Mary Harwood and I was the envy of all the boys as she was the most lovely girl in the neighborhood.

This was the situation when I was discussing the college question with my parents. My people owned the farm on which we were living at the time, and it was on this farm that my youngest sister, Emma, was born, May 23, 1863. My father had a call to take a church some thirty miles distant which would leave the farm vacant and my people proposed that I take the farm and get married. I had worked for a good farmer so knew how to farm, and the money which I had saved could be used to buy more stock and implements. I talked to her about it, and while she did not like the thought of my giving up the college course, yet she did hate to think of the long years of waiting. Finally it was decided that we should marry that summer.

CHAPTER III

We Marry

We were married on the 22nd of July, 1865, when I was a little less than twenty-one years of age. It was a happy union as we loved one another devoutly and were well adapted to each other. I remember that my mother cried the day we were married but I saw nothing to cry over. The path of life stretched out before me as an even road and was strewn with roses. Her people gave her a good setting out of household goods and a cow. We had our honeymoon in our own quiet home and were as happy as if we had gone on a trip around the world, in fact more so. Our pleasures consist in the way we look at things. If we are comparing our lot with those who have more than we, then we cultivate a spirit of discontent but if we count our blessings then we may be happy. We did very well in a small way financially that first summer. We worked hard but our crops were good and our stock multiplied. Our needs were few.

My brother, Bryant, who had gone to Iowa that summer, wrote back glowing accounts of that great country and of the possibilities before the new settlers. He wrote there were millions of acres of the most fertile soil inviting people to come and break the sod. I got the western fever and wanted to sell out and go west, but my wife was not enthusiastic. She advised delay, while I was in haste. I was no doubt too insistent. She did not seriously object but preferred waiting. Benjamin Franklin in his autobiography now and again speaks of what he did as "an error." Our going was an error, as I should have waited another year or until she had become more

weaned from her people. She had been born and reared in that community as had her eleven brothers and sisters. All of the associations were most precious to her. We sold out and went to Iowa where we purchased two or three acres of beautiful, fertile land, just outside the city limits of the city of Vinton and built a snug little house. My wife was not unhappy but still she longed for the old associations. At length the time came when her first baby was to be born. Her people wanted her to return to Canada, the old home, and she wanted to go, so she went. Our first-born, Bessie Maude, came to us on the 10th day of April, 1867, in the same place where she herself had been born. I returned to Iowa and she was to follow as soon as strong enough to do so.

I returned sooner than I would otherwise have done for the following reason: As soon as we had completed our house, I cast about for something to do. I expected, in the near future, to buy a farm but was not yet ready for that. I had bought a bit of woodland on the opposite side of Cedar River covered with what for that country might be called fairly heavy timber. The state asylum for the blind, at Vinton, used wood for their fuel and I had a contract with them to deliver a certain quantity of wood. I had also contracted to take to the owners of a sawmill in Vinton, a quantity of logs.

I hired some men and teams who cut and drew my timber and wood according to contract but the only way to get across the river was on the ice in winter and the ferry in summer. In the spring when the ice was going out, or when the water was too high, there was no way of crossing. This spring I had used the ice as long as it was safe and then went to Canada. A quantity of wood had been left on the wrong side of the river and I was

hastening back to get it across now that the ferry could run. What was my disappointment to find that someone or different ones had relieved me of the last stick.

In due time my wife returned but the going back had but awakened all her longings for her old home and friends. She could not quite reconcile herself to the present conditions. After a time our second daughter, Mabel, was born and as my wife did not regain her strength, we resolved to return to Canada.

We had saved a few hundred dollars, but of course could not live in idleness. I again cast about for something to do. We bought a house and lot in Woodstock, so that we could have a home of our own, while I went to work in the shops of T. J. Clark and learned to make barrels. At that time all sorts of barrels were made by him and I learned the trade of a cooper. In after years many parts which go into barrels were made by machinery but at that time it was not so and much of our material had to be prepared by hand.

After thoroughly learning the trade, we bought a building in the village of Embo, where I opened a shop of my own. There were two flour mills in the place, which created quite a demand for flour barrels. I hired a few coopers and had quite a thriving business. After a time I had an opportunity to sell to good advantage and as I saw what seemed to me a better opening for a larger business I sold out. The Canada Southern Railway had just been completed and ran through a section of our country which was in some places heavily wooded. The opportunity which I saw was the building of a factory for the manufacture of barrel material. I had found that this material was scarce and therefore expensive so it seemed to me that here was a great opportunity for mak-

ing money. I organized a stock company, putting in all my own money and we built a factory. We also bought a large quantity of raw material. We not only had facilities for making all kinds of barrel material but had also a planing mill and a machine for making shingles, cheese boxes and many other things. Our factory, of which I was superintendent, was a busy hive and brought new life into the village of Dutton. The trouble was that many other men had seen the same opportunity that I had and all along the line, at suitable places, similar factories had gone up, with the result that the market was glutted and of course prices slumped. We really had to sell some of our manufactured material at a loss and the things which brought us a profit could not atone for our loss. Of course there was dissatisfaction among the stockholders and very naturally the superintendent was held responsible. There were some who realized that the superintendent had no control over conditions, but where there is a loss, he is bound to suffer. At length a man who owned the larger block of stock proposed to buy out the others and run the mill himself. I believe I could have secured a majority vote and held my position if I had wanted to fight but that I did not care to do. I sold out but did not get the cash, which was to have been paid a little later. The factory which was well insured very soon burned and of course the man who had bought the shares collected the insurance. He at once went into bankruptcy and we all had to whistle for our money. Thus I was left without a job and without any money.

It was here also that our third little girl, Mary, came to gladden our hearts. We named her after her mother. We looked upon our children as blessings from our Heavenly Father and none were ever unwelcome.

Now comes the turning point in my life. I had for some years felt that I ought to preach. In fact, even before my marriage the burden troubled me. After I had married and gone into business I tried to dismiss the subject pleading a lack of preparation; and now of course it was too late to prepare. Left as I was without a business the question was again forced upon me, but I could not go to college without money. What should I do to obtain money? I said to myself: if I can build barrels of all sorts, I can build houses. I had done much in setting the engines, shafting and machinery in our factory. I purchased some tools and went to work. Soon I had all the work I could do and a little later, when I had more than I could do, I took another man into partnership with me. In a recent drive up the twelfth line north of Woodstock, I was able to point out to my son a number of houses I had built back in 1874 and 1875. The idea of preaching troubled me and yet I honestly believed I could not preach if I tried. At length our old pastor, Horace Perry, said to me, "Why do you not try and if you find out that you cannot preach, you can settle down to your building operations with a clear conscience?" That appealed to me as very sensible advice.

CHAPTER IV

I Begin Preaching

Some distance from Woodstock there was to be held a meeting that was called by our old Free Baptist denomination, a "Quarterly Meeting." This was a religious gathering lasting two or three days. I decided to attend, for Mr. Perry had promised to see that I had an opportunity to preach sometime during the session. There were delegates sent from the various churches, so you see it was a rather important meeting. On Saturday afternoon was held a "Covenant Meeting," i.e., a meeting in which all the people who wished might take part; a sort of spiritual forum. I was to lead off with a short sermon. I had prepared my sermon as best I could, writing it all out and had also taken down a couple of pages of notes on the discourse. I did not intend to read the sermon but I had the notes to refresh my memory if I should forget some of the things I wanted to say. I was in my room before starting to the meeting, in a very nervous state of mind and looking over my notes. My mother came into the room, saw what I was doing, and advised that I just go into the desk and say what was on my mind to say, leaving room for any inspiration which might come to me while speaking. Of course, I knew that was the ideal way to deliver any message, but dare I venture? I finally resolved that I would try.

My text was, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." It was a good text. My thought was, "Christ is knocking at the door of our hearts and wants to come into our lives and control them, but there are so many other voices

clamoring for entrance that we often do not stop to listen to His knocking." I had the points arranged all right but as soon as I began to talk I became confused. On the first division I spoke perhaps five minutes; the second division I could no more than barely announce; and the third division I could not think of at all. The congregation became a confused mass of faces before me and I sat down. If there had been a trap door to have allowed me to disappear, I would have been glad, but no such refuge awaited me. I had to sit there and face the music. However, the people were all sympathetic and no one felt like making sport over my failure. Brother Perry took up the subject where I had left it, and my father and mother did likewise, as well as many others in the congregation, so that all pronounced the meeting a success. Of course I knew it was not because of me but in spite of my failure. The temptation came to me to drop the whole question by saying, I have done my part and failed, and call the question settled forever.

Unfortunately, it seemed to me, the minister up on the Thirteenth Line knew that I was to try and preach at the Quarterly Meeting and as he was going to be absent the following Sunday had asked me to take the service. I had attended prayer meeting at that church many times and had taken an active part, so the minister and people knew me very well but I had consented to take the service before making my failure at the Quarterly Meeting. I made up my mind that in no such a trap would I be caught again. This time I would write my sermon in full and read it. I wrote it in a free bold hand and put it in my inside coat pocket so that by no chance would it be missing. I awoke Sunday morning to hear it raining hard and if ever I was glad to hear the rain it was that

morning. I turned over in bed and said to myself, "There will be no service such a morning as this." In due time I got up to discover that the rain was slacking some and I feared it might stop altogether, but it did not. It kept raining gently. I said to my wife, "I do not think there is any use of me walking three miles in the mud and rain this morning, for I feel sure no one will come to church today;" but she thought I had better go. Her views coincided with the dictates of my own conscience, so I put on rubbers and raincoat, took an umbrella and started. The roads were muddy, which made the walking bad. I arrived a little late and to my consternation saw that the house was packed. Curiosity had brought the people out to see what sort of a preacher I was. I walked up the aisle, glanced to one side and saw some of my neighbors from Woodstock. I also saw a strange man whom I knew by his white necktie to be a Methodist minister. My, but I was agitated! However, I felt reassured as I remembered that I had my sermon in my pocket.

I got through the opening exercises all right and took my sermon out of my pocket to read. My text was, "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more until the perfect day." Another good subject. I think I had a fairly good sermon, but almost from the first page I could not read it well. I stumbled over my own plain writing and of course the more I stumbled, the more confused I became and the more confused, the more I stumbled. I got through somehow and sat down. I wanted the people to leave the house before I descended from the platform, but many lingered and I had to come down and face them. Many of the good, dear men shook my hand

heartily and spoke words of encouragement though none of them could say much in praise of my effort. They did not try to. As their minister was to be absent three more Sundays they even asked me to come again. In connection with this church was one six miles farther north. The northern church had the morning appointment while the southern church usually had the afternoon. Both of these churches asked me to supply for the coming few weeks and to my own dismay I consented. I never could understand why I consented. I have wondered many times why I did not, with positive decision, turn the proposition down, but I did not. I filled these appointments as best I could and the people seemed quite well satisfied. Soon after this, there was to be another "Quarterly Meeting" in another part of the country, down near Simcoe. My father had been invited to attend and he wanted me to go along, which I did. No other minister attended except my father who did about all the preaching. I was asked to take one service, which I did. This church was at the time without a minister and they very kindly asked me to come and be their minister. They had a good parsonage, garden and barn and offered me a very fair salary for the time in which we then lived. It was an inducement but I felt that the time had come for me to make a very definite decision as to what my calling was to be. If I were to be a minister of the gospel of Christ, I must make the best preparation possible for such a high calling. I declined the offer and decided to get ready at once to attend Hillsdale College at the opening of the fall term, although I did not have much money. After we had fitted ourselves out with suitable clothes, paid up all our debts and our car fare, we did not have much more than one hundred dollars to

commence a four years' course. My wife's people thought the venture a wild dream, but my dear wife thought differently. She said we could do it. Now was to be fulfilled her ambition of fourteen years. If any woman in all the world could help a man through college she could. By her faith, courage, cheerfulness and economy, she surely helped in time of need. On the eve of our departure a great sorrow came to our home. Our goods were just about all packed and we were to have started within three days. On Saturday night I was driven to the north church where I was to preach my farewell sermon on the next morning. At midnight a messenger came for me telling me that our dear little Mary was dying. When I arrived, she had left us. She had found some Paris green, hidden away, and had taken some. We laid her away in the little cemetery by the church and with heavy hearts set out for the new and untried life in Hillsdale College.

CHAPTER V

I Go to College

We arrived in Hillsdale about 11 P.M. and were driven to the home of a friend and relative, Rev. J. S. Harrington. He was also a student. They welcomed us into their home until such a time as our goods were forthcoming. As soon as they arrived, we moved into a little house. The owner of the house was a bee keeper and I being a carpenter, paid my rent by making hives, as time and opportunity afforded.

Fortunately a few years before my father had purchased a perpetual scholarship in the college so this was available to pay my tuition. I also looked for work in the college for any leisure hours I might have.

The college burned wood to heat the entire plant and I was told by the good, kind-hearted secretary, Judge Mills, that I might saw all the wood I wished at a fixed price per cord. At this I also went to work as I found time. There were many other students doing the same thing but they soon discovered that I could cut wood faster than they. They inquired for the reason and found that it was because of the better condition of my saw. They wanted to know who filed it and when told that I did it myself, they wanted me to file theirs also. I not only filed their saws but many others. I found I could make money twice as fast filing saws as by cutting wood. It was soon discovered that I could also do carpenter work which I found more lucrative employment than cutting wood. However, I made my lessons my first work and did all of the other things as I could.

In this way we kept the wolf from the door. We never went hungry as my wife could prepare the best meal from the least raw material of any person I ever saw. Our food was plain and simple but nourishing. We ate but little meat; fruits, vegetables and grains constituting our diet. More people in this country die of too much food than too little.

I was somewhat handicapped because of my habits of study. I had not really studied since I quit teaching school. I had been a constant reader of good literature and had had much experience in my contact with men in my business relations, but it required hard work to keep up with my studies.

After we had been in Hillsdale about four months, I had an invitation to go out to a little church at Bankers, about four miles from Hillsdale, and supply for them until they could get a pastor. This I did for which they gave me some remuneration which also helped. During Easter vacation I proposed to hold some special meetings. Some of the members were indifferent, some were opposed and some wanted the meetings held. We announced the meetings but wondered whether we would have any attendance as the roads were muddy and there were no sidewalks in the place. I called on all the people within a radius of a mile of the church; in many of the houses I had prayer with the family and invited them all to come to our meetings. Almost from the first there was a deep interest. A big, strong, rather rough farmer, with an Irish brogue, attended the meetings. He had belonged to the Roman Catholic church. His heart was regenerated and his life entirely changed. His testimonies had as much to do with the success of the meetings as my preaching, perhaps more. Our little church was crowded from

night to night and there were many who identified themselves with the church.

After a time this church united with a near by church in the support of a minister and my work was done there. Very soon, however, I was asked to go once in two weeks to Wamplers Lake and the alternate Sunday to Manchester. I would go out on Saturday night and return Monday morning. No great advance could be made in this way but it held the churches together and some good was done. I believe I had had this double charge about one year when a gentleman whom I had never met came to my house one night. He introduced himself as Mr. Stockwell and said he represented the Dover church. He told me his mission was to get me to come to Dover and be their minister, explaining to me that they required a service each Sunday morning at Dover and one each Sunday afternoon at points outside, though not far away. This would require the preparation of two sermons each week and I felt that it would be impossible for me to undertake such a task. I was sure I could not do justice to my studies, but he urged me to try. "Should you not like us or we not like you, there will be no harm done."

It was a flattering proposition as far as finances were concerned. Dover was one of our better paying churches and if I were only able to do the work the financial burden would be greatly relieved. I told him I would. I went and did the best I could, but felt that my services were not up to the requirements. I tried to revamp my old sermons with poor results. The people did not complain, but I felt I was not satisfactory. Something happened about this time which quite changed the situation. Mr. Stockwell always met me at Clayton, the station

where I left the train and as we drove along he said to me, "There has been a death in our community and the woman of the house wants you to conduct the funeral from our church tomorrow morning."

Then he went on to tell me the circumstances of the death. The man, whose funeral I was to conduct, had left his wife many years before with two or three small children to provide for as best she could. He had been gone many years but had come home only a few days before, ill, and had died in his old home. As we were passing the house on our way I asked him to stop and let me talk with the woman. This I did and got the story of their lives. I was sure the church would be crowded on Sunday morning, for curiosity will bring the people out if nothing else will. "What would the minister say on such an occasion?" I had never conducted a funeral, much less a funeral under such circumstances. I retired to my room early in the evening to think out a line of thought. My service was a success. Moreover, it gave me the confidence I needed and to an extent my style was more free. It established better relations, in fact, the warmest relations, between the people and me. Here I made friendships which have been lifelong; among whom are the Stockwells, Van Ostrands, the Chases and many others.

About this time another little one had come into our home—Nellie, our third living daughter, was born. While she was still a nursing babe, her mother was taken ill, and Bessie, our oldest daughter who was but twelve years of age, and I, cared for the wife and mother as tenderly as we could. Good old Dr. Johnson came every day to see her. One night when he came he said the fever had left and saw no reason why she should not

speedily recover. I lay down on a couch nearby and told her that at the slightest noise I would be awake. I slept for a time and then got up to see if all was well. She peacefully lay with her hands across her breast but her spirit had departed. It was not only midnight but it was midnight to my soul. The tragedy of that hour was beyond description. I had to call Bessie and tell her and let her watch while I went for help. The next morning the undertaker came and hung a bit of black crepe on the door which told the story to the neighbors and those passing by.

One of the first to call upon me was my Greek teacher, Joseph William Mauck. He afterward became president of Hillsdale College, which position he held for many years. After the lapse of nearly a half century, I wrote him and asked him if he remembered the occasion. "Remember it?" said he, "I remember it as if it had been yesterday. I never pass the house but I think of it." I left the babe with a kind neighbor and with Bessie to care for her. Dr. Johnson took care of the other child, Mabel, while I alone took the remains back to Canada and laid her beside our darling little Mary. I returned to my home, my empty home, to take up the double burden of both father and mother. Very soon after my return, our babe, Nellie, was taken ill. She was so very ill that we despaired of her life. Day and night I sat beside the little crib watching. At last she began to improve, finally fully recovered and has been such a comfort and joy to me many times. I tried to gather up the broken threads and my parents came from Wisconsin to help tide me over for a time. They were a great comfort, and did me much good.

Time went on. I had my studies to attend to and my appointments at Dover to fill so could not sit down and grieve. The greatest blessing which can come into one's life at such a time as this is the necessity of work. Time, hard work and the grace of God will help to heal our wounded spirits. I can never forget the kindness of the people of Dover during those sad and trying days.

At the Commencement exercises of the college, the following year, Miss Cilley was pointed out to me by my friend, Rev. J. S. Harrington, who was sitting beside me in the gallery. I asked him for his glasses that I might get a better look at her. I had known her through her letters to the Morning Star and the Myrtle and was interested to see her. I handed back the glasses with the remark that she was not particularly beautiful.

The following autumn our Theadelphic Society was to hold a banquet in Smith's hotel. Mr. Will Myers, now Dr. Myers of Madison, Ohio, who was chairman of the committee on arrangements, came to me one day and asked me if I would be willing to take Miss Cilley to the banquet. Our society was a society for men but each of us was expected to take some lady. I told Mr. Myers that it was quite immaterial to me whom I took. We had a pleasant evening but on the way home our carriage was upset by an obstruction in the street which the driver did not see in the darkness. There were six of us in the hack, who were all shaken up pretty badly, but Miss Cilley was badly injured. Her shoulder was broken and spine injured. She was weeks in bed and as I felt a degree of responsibility for her welfare, I called often to see how she was faring and whether there was anything I could do to help her. I found that I was looking forward to these calls with more than ordinary interest and that she was doing the same. In short, we discovered that we loved each other.

CHAPTER VI

We Marry

On the 28th of February, her thirtieth birthday, we were married by our mutual friend, Rev. Geo. R. Holt, of Jackson, Mich. Our household arrangements seemed to make the marriage desirable even before our graduation. We graduated in June of the same year. If I could have searched the world around and could have had anyone I chose, I could not have found a better mother for my children or a better companion for me. She was all to me that a husband could ask of a wife. There are those who think that to take a second wife, is showing a lack of love for the one gone. On the other hand I think the reverse is true. You show that the fellowship was so dear that you feel that a similar fellowship must be had. If it had been otherwise one would not care to make a second venture.

Even before our graduation I had been corresponding with the Free Baptist Church at Gilberts Mills, N. Y., and we concluded our arrangements without ever having seen the place or the people or they us. We came together expecting to like each other and we did. There could have been no more friendly relations between a pastor and people than between us. We began our work in great faith and the response was all one could expect, more in fact than anyone expected; not all we desired, of course.

One experience which I had here gave me a different view of the real work of the church than I had ever had before. We had a man attending who was one of the

most intelligent, capable and active men in the congregation though not a member of the church. One day I said to him, "Why do you not join the church?" His answer was that we would not take him in. "And why not?" "Because I have not been immersed," he said. I replied, "Why not then be immersed and join?" "Because I consider that I have already been baptized" (he was a Presbyterian) "and to be immersed would be to repudiate what I have always regarded as a valid baptism. I could not do it." I said, "If that is the way you feel, I for one, would raise both hands to take you in as you are." I laid the matter before the church and they all felt as I did. He was taken in. He was not taken in to sow seeds of discord but to work in harmony with the church. In a subsequent revival his children all came in and were immersed.

Another very gratifying experience I had in connection with our work in the Gilberts Mills church, was in inducing two men to publicly enter the ministry. These men were Wm. Byer and E. J. Newell. Both were capable men and both saw their duty, yet hesitated to make the start. They proved to be very efficient ministers of the gospel.

It was here that our daughter, Frankie Lawrence, was born, Jan. 7, 1882. It was here also that the question was forced upon us as to our relation to the foreign mission field. The *Morning Star*, a weekly religious paper published in Boston, was a regular visitor at our home. One day there appeared an article from the pen of Dr. J. L. Phillips pleading for more workers for our India mission. It immediately appealed to me as a call for us. There were many objections: first and foremost the children. At this time we had four. We could easily take

the two youngest, one and three years of age, with us, leave the oldest in Hillsdale College and the other one with my people. My age was also against it, but we decided to leave the matter with the Board as to the advisability of sending us. We wrote the Board, and they invited us to come to Boston and meet them. This we did, were accepted and urged to go at once. We had not expected this but it seemed to be the wise thing to do. Our church was greatly grieved but we just had to resign and go. The breaking away from the church was a hard experience and the separation from the children a hundredfold more so, but all missionaries who have families must sooner or later be separated from their children.

CHAPTER VII

We Go to India

We sailed out of New York harbor Oct. 20, 1883. It was in a storm, so the Atlantic was rough and we had bad weather all the way over. The voyage was very disagreeable and made much more so by a number of passengers who drank a good deal more than they should. It was a Scotch company who owned the boat and a lot of Scotch passengers were returning home from New York. Of course there was plenty of Scotch whisky on board. The results were apparent. We landed in Glasgow, went from there to Edinburgh, then down to Halifax to visit some old friends. Mrs. Griffin had twice before been in London and preferred to visit the Walshaws, keeping the children there, than to go again to London.

I spent a week in London and got a fair idea of some of the more important things to be seen in what was then the world's metropolis. We joined our steamer, the "City of Oxford," November 29, in Liverpool. Wm. Miller, the captain was a very kind-hearted man but quick-tempered and when angry, very profane. He seemed to take quite a liking to us and our two sweet little girls. He placed Mrs. Griffin on his right hand at the table, which is the place of honor on a steamship. He also took kindly to me often inviting me into his room and showing me his charts. It is the custom, on all British ships, to have religious services on Sunday morning, which the Captain must either conduct himself or get someone to do for him. We left Liverpool November

29, and soon after leaving, the captain asked me to take full charge of the service all the way to Calcutta, which I was glad to do. It so happened that we were at Gibraltar on Sunday morning, Port Said the following Sunday and Aden the next, reaching Calcutta Saturday afternoon. There were only one or two incidents worthy of note in the Mediterranean. One was at Malta, a beautiful but small harbor, where we stopped to take on coal. It had a narrow entrance which we approached a little after dark. All at once a squall came up and the pilot refused to come out. It made the captain very angry, who swore and fumed, but had to take in his own ship. Coaling the ship, which was done by passing baskets from one boat to another, was interesting.

One day, as we were speeding through the Mediterranean, the First Officer, Mr. Grey, came to me and said, "Would you like to see the fish which swallowed Jonah?" I went forward and saw a fish probably twenty feet in length disporting before the prow of our vessel.

In those days all vessels passing through the Suez Canal tied up at sundown and remained where they were until sunrise, but now strong searchlights enable a ship to pass through in the night, should vessels happen to enter in the evening.

We passed out into the Red Sea and sailed down in sight of the palms of Elam, where the children of Israel encamped, and on down in sight of Mt. Sinai and so on and out, stopping at Aden in Arabia for a few hours. We saw Somali boys diving for coins which the passengers threw into the water. The boys seemed almost like water animals, sometimes diving under the ship and coming up on the other side. This was quite a feat as our ship drew thirty feet of water and was about fifty

feet wide. One of the wonderful sights of Aden are the reservoirs built in the side of the mountain. This mountain is of volcanic origin and several hundred feet high. There is scarcely any rainfall in Aden but now and then a heavy downpour. These reservoirs were built to catch the rain when it came and store the water. They hold millions of gallons. Another way of getting water is evaporating sea water and condensing the steam. Here are also seen great herds of camels which bring in merchandise from the interior. Christmas day came as we were approaching Ceylon. Of course something must be done on Christmas. The captain ordered a genuine Christmas dinner and we improvised sports: (passengers against the crew) tug of war, shuffles, etc. We enjoyed ourselves but our thoughts were far away in other lands, with loved ones. We signaled Colombo, sailed up the Bay of Bengal and the Hoogly River, one of the mouths of the Ganges, Saturday, and anchored our boat out in the middle of the river, Dec. 31, 1883. Captain Miller invited us to remain on the ship as his guests over Sunday, should our friends not come to meet us; but they did come and we were hospitably entertained at the home of Dr. J. M. Thoburn.

Our first station was Midnapore. We landed there about midnight. There was no real wharf and our boat came as near the shore as possible, where by the aid of a long plank and some men to steady us, we got to dry land. We were in a different world. There were a score or more of bullock carts standing about, while under the carts the cartmen were sleeping. By the side of the carts the bullocks were lying. A dingy light was burning under each cart suspended from the axle by a string of wire. Each man must stay by his cart to protect his property.

We took a *Tickka Garrie* carriage for hire and drove up through the narrow winding streets of this great native city. Here and there on the narrow verandas of the shops, dim lights were burning and sometimes the form of a man could be seen wrapped up in a sheet or blanket, sleeping on the floor of the veranda. Almost continuously we heard the barking of the dogs, who were warning the people that something unusual was taking place. Our entertainment in the home of Dr. J. L. Phillips, the experience of getting settled in our own home, and part of my work in the press, have already been spoken of.

One circumstance which contributed to my success in the press was this: We tried to get government printing and did secure the printing of the magistrate's reports, which was well so far as it went. There was to be let a large contract for the printing of canal toll tickets and when bids were asked for I made a bid, but a native press down town underbid me and got the contract. I was disappointed but tried the harder for other job work. About two weeks before the time for the printing of these toll tickets would lapse, the Superintendent of Public Works came to me in an anxious state of mind. These tickets had to be out by a certain date or the appropriation would lapse and the native press could not possibly get them done. "Could I possibly do them?" We had a rotary press large enough to print them and by using three shifts and running the press night and day without stopping we thought we would be able to finish the job within the specified time if nothing happened to the press itself. We worked with feverish heat and did the job to the perfect satisfaction of the Superintendent. It is needless to say that all his work was sent to our press thereafter. In this way we put the press on its feet,

which enabled us to do the real work for which the press was established, namely, printing Christian literature.

I have already spoken of our transfer to Balasore in my book, "The Biography of Libbie Cilley Griffin," my wife, and the taking over of the work there as well as the transference of the Coldrens to Chandbali, our moving into the Smith house and the subsequent purchase of this property by the mission after I had secured it in my own name. In connection with our work in the boys' orphanage, I want to tell of a very interesting case. One morning, quite early, there appeared before our front veranda a boy of about twelve years. The only rag he had on was a bit of dirty cloth about his loins, and as I appeared on the veranda he saluted me with a very low bow. I asked him who he was and what he wanted. He explained that he was without father or mother or friends and had heard that we took such boys into our home. We told him he was rightly informed and that we would take him in, if he would promise to be a good boy and obey our rules and do what he could. To this he readily assented. I took him back to the quarters of the boys and introduced him to the other boys and to the matron. I told her to clean him up and give him some breakfast; not too much at first. One can easily kill a starving man by overfeeding him. She gave him a light breakfast, washed him, put some clean clothes on him and he was so smiling and happy that he would not pass for the same boy, Luchman. There could have been no better boy. He was cheerful, happy and obedient and learned very rapidly. He was a very sweet boy and we were all very much attached to him. After about a month there appeared before the veranda a fine looking man from northern India who said he was Luchman's

uncle and guardian and had come for him. He was very respectful. I told him he could not have him and that if he was his guardian he had certainly been very remiss in his duty, as the boy had come to us in a starving condition. He said he would like to take the boy by peaceable means but if not he would take him by recourse to the courts. I wrote the magistrate a letter telling him the facts and asking his advice, which was to "let the boy go." He said the court would probably order the surrender of the boy and that would put us in a rather bad light before the people. They would believe that we were trying to forcibly retain a boy who had a relative who wanted him. So we had to give up poor Luchman. He clung to both my wife and me and cried as if his heart would break. We told him to be good, remember what we had taught him of Christ and of His love for him, to always pray and that perhaps sometime when he became a man he could come back to see us. He promised he would do this and his uncle took him. He said he was going back to northern India. We never saw Luchman again.

The mission made appropriations for the orphans and gave some aid also for the day schools but the manual training we ourselves had to provide. To this end I applied to the Government for help and received enough so that the Industrial School, with one hundred or more pupils, was conducted with no expense whatever to the mission, all the years we were in Balasore. We had a number of schools of which I was the official head and secretary. I had to make out all reports, receive all grants, pay all bills and look after the teaching staff. Mrs. Griffin, in addition to being the mother of forty boys had four children of her own to look after, for here

were born our only son, Bryant Wade, and our youngest daughter, Mona Ruth. As often as possible we made trips into country villages and in our house boat up and down the canal and rivers. When out on these trips we had with us our Bible women, our native preachers and colporteurs. These cold season trips were in the most delightful climate in the world. Nothing could exceed Bengal climate in the winter. I believe a single experience while out on one of these trips would be of interest.

I had taken my tent with me on this trip for I intended to go inland from the main road as far as possible. I wanted to see village life and to know village thought, as far removed from western thought as possible. I went some miles into the interior until we came to a large village, fringing an open space under a banyan tree, on the outskirts of the village. Here we pitched our tent. When we were settled I sent one of the preachers over into the village to give my respects to the head man of the village and ask him to call on me at the tent at his convenience. Within a half hour a very fine looking man with a clean cloth about his loins called. We saluted each other in a proper manner. I brought out a strip of grass matting and spreading it on the grass in front of the tent, asked him to be seated.

We conferred for a little while on ordinary subjects as to his farm work, his cattle, etc., and then I began talking to him something like this: "We have come to this section of country to tell your people something about our religion and our sacred book, the Bible. You know you have sacred books. The Bible is our sacred book." He proceeded to tell me about their sacred books, named them and told me of their contents. Then I asked him

how his people were advancing under the teaching of their sacred books; were they becoming more and more truthful; more honest in their dealings; more chaste in their conduct; more kind and considerate for the interests of others? He replied, "Our people are not getting better. They will all lie if it is to their interest to do so; they will all cheat in a bargain if they can; they are not chaste and upright." "Well," said I, "If after these hundreds of years of Hinduism your people are getting worse rather than better what hope have you for your people?" Said he, "Our hope is in the 'Age of Truth' which our sacred books promise us will surely come. When it comes we are all going to be good." I need not say that I was more than pleased with the text he had given me. I told him the Age of Truth was here. Christ was the Way, the Truth and the Life. It is true that we do not always find so intelligent and responsive hearers, but it is for us to sow beside all waters not knowing which will prosper, this or that. The interesting story of Sachiedananda Rai I have told in brief elsewhere.

One or two more experiences close this chapter. This one occurred during our last term in India but illustrates the methods and workings of law courts in India almost everywhere.

There lived in our station a man and wife who had separate possessions of land. The man was most cruel to his wife until finally when she could endure his treatment no longer, she left him. Before doing so she had sowed her rice fields. When the time came to harvest rice the man had engaged about twenty men to go into the fields and cut all the rice, both hers and his. Hearing of this the Christian people of the village turned out to help her for they were all in sympathy with her. Before we

can fully understand the situation we must know a little about the rice fields. They are small patches of land, separated from each other by little dams a foot high and a foot wide. These are made to keep in the water during the rains. In order to separate sections belonging to different people, larger dams are raised called *herdas*. This woman owned the land on the south side of the *herda* and he the land on the north side. Here were about fifty people armed with sickles to cut the rice and *bhangies* to carry away the sheaves. I went out to try and prevent bloodshed if possible, but they seemed only interested in seeing who could cut and carry away the most rice. To this end each party entered any patch not preëmpted by the other whether on the north or south side of the main *herda*. When all was cut and carried in, the man at once went to Balasore to enter a suit in court, declaring she had stolen his rice. He had a dozen Hindu and Santal witnesses who were to swear that his men cut only on the north side while her men cut on the north side. She had her witnesses who were instructed by her lawyer to swear that she cut only on the south side. These were Christians, too, but the lawyer instructed them how to testify. We must remember that they were ignorant and he learned. Probably many of them had never been in a court as a witness before. I was there of course as a witness. The lawyer spoke English perfectly but evidence was all taken in Oriya. I watched the testimony very carefully. At length I spoke to our lawyer and asked him to come aside with me for a moment, and when we stepped into an adjoining room, I said to him, "What kind of evidence are these people giving? They are telling what is not true. Her harvesters were not confined to the south side any

more than were his to the north side. They cut any field they could." His reply was "our contention is that we only cut the south side." But I said, "You do not expect me to swear to that lie do you?" "Well," he said, "you can call it what you like but unless you give that testimony our case is lost." "Well," said I, "I will surely not give any such testimony. I will tell the truth and nothing but the truth." I was the last witness. The judge, who also spoke English as well as I did, said: "Now, Mr. Griffin, we will hear your testimony." I said, "I have but little to say. Both of these parties went to the fields to cut and carry away all the rice they could. Each party cut any field they could regardless of whether it was on the north or south side of the *herda.* That is all there is to my story." "You are no doubt telling the truth and I dismiss the case there being no cause for action," the judge said.

The other experience is this: Mr. Coldren who had been living with us, had been fighting malarial fever for some time but was getting no better. At last it was decided that a sea voyage was absolutely necessary if his life was to be spared. It was arranged that I should take him to Calcutta and try and make arrangements for this. To reach Calcutta we had to take a steamer which took us twenty miles down the river, then across the head of the bay and up the Hoogly eighty miles to Calcutta. We had to leave Balasore so as to be able to cross the bar at the mouth of the river at high tide. On this particular night we would have to leave at 10 P.M. We ate our supper and went down to the dock. On the steamer was a strange Englishman and as these were rare, we became inquisitive. He informed us that he was the purser of a ship lying out about

six miles from the mouth of the river, which was being loaded with rice. We were also communicative and told him we were going to Calcutta to arrange for a sea voyage. "Why do you not come with us," he said? It seemed like a fine chance, but I had no money. I thought my credit would be good in the bazar so hastened back to borrow rupees 100. I had no trouble in getting the money and got back to the boat just in time. Behind our steamboat was a lighter with about four tons of rice on board and six boatmen. When we got to the mouth of the river we were cast off. Calcutta lay northeast and the rice ship southeast. We reached the rice ship just at sunrise. I got Mr. Coldren on all right, the rice was unloaded and I got into the lighter to return.

The tide was ebbing and as the wind was blowing seaward we began to drift south and out to sea. The boatmen had been up all night pulling more or less at the oars and they were tired and sleepy. I tried to urge them to take to the oars and pull up to the mouth of the river and then anchor where they could sleep. Persuasion was of no avail. Sleep they would and sleep they did. I sat there with neither food nor water all day. It began to get near sundown when the men finally awoke and also took in the situation which was that we had a long way to go and over a dangerous shoal. The sandy beach reaches out three or four miles from shore and when the tide is low or begins to flow there are breakers which will pound a boat all to splinters if she strikes the sands. If the water is deep enough to float her, she may ride the breakers, but if not, then disaster. The tide was ebbing and the water dangerously low. One man took soundings with a pole and the rest worked like trojans so that we reached the mouth of the river by

midnight. Here lay at anchor an old Arab ship. I asked for food. They had nothing but some parched peas, *bere*. I never ate anything that tasted better. It was now Sunday morning and I had not had a thing to eat since Friday night, except a bite of breakfast with the captain which I soon gave to the fish. I left my belongings with the boatmen and struck off across the plains seven or eight miles for Balasore, reaching home some time after noon. It is easy to read a tale of this sort but hard to experience it. It is a hard experience to feel that any moment may be one's last and to sit in that suspense for hours.

CHAPTER VIII

We Return to America

We had served our ten years. The time of our departure was at hand. The people of the village wanted to give us a farewell reception and we let them make their own arrangements. We were told to take our seats beside the table while they passed by us, each one bringing a bouquet of flowers. We were deluged with flowers and bedewed with tears. Here were tender associations of years to be broken and some of them were to look upon our faces no more. It was as hard an experience as the leaving of our own home ten years before, for now we were also leaving a child. The doctor recommended that we do not go at once into the more northern climate but approach it gradually. To this end we decided to remain for a few weeks in southern France. We had a friend living in Lyons. He was the American consul, Dr. Fairfield. He was more particularly the friend of both my father and my wife's father. We wrote him of our desires and asked him if he could, without too much trouble, find some furnished rooms for us in Lyons, and that at not too high a price. He wrote us that he could and gave directions as to how to reach them. We landed in Marseilles and took the train for Lyons. Of course we had our experiences in grappling with the French language. There was a lady passenger on the ship from Calcutta who said she knew French and she would be glad to teach us. We were quite diligent students and got a number of words, so we thought we could talk a little. And so we could, but the trouble

was no one seemed to understand us. We thought the French very stupid that they could not understand their own language but such was the case. However, by the aid of a real French teacher two hours each day we got some knowledge of the language. Mr. Fairfield met us and conducted us to our quarters. They were about as elegantly furnished rooms as we had ever seen. We looked at each other and looked terror stricken. He saw the look of consternation on our faces and immediately proceeded to reassure us. He said those rooms belonged to his wife's sister and that she had gone to Nice to spend the winter and that we were welcome to the rooms as long as we wanted them. In fact, she would rather than not have them occupied. What a delightful time we spent in Lyons. He as consul had the appraising of silks. Lyons is the silk emporium of Europe. He had great boxes of samples of the most beautiful silk. He gave the girls armfuls, and how they did revel in those beautiful silk samples. It is now thirty-five years since those memorable days but I would not be surprised if some of those silks can still be found in our house. I know we brought home a trunkful of them.

Ah, but those days spent in Lyons were happy days. I could fill pages in writing of them. There was a young man by the name of Leibstadter, an American, who had been in Lyons a year studying the silk industry. His father was a silk merchant in Kansas City. He was through with his work and had a month of leisure on his hands. He was as keen on photography as I was. What times we all had together taking photos! Lyons is a most interesting old Roman city. Here are the remains of the old stone aqueduct which brought water from the mountains to supply the city. The Emperor

Claudius was the one who built it. This was the old Roman capital and here we saw plenty of pieces of ancient pottery in the earth as excavations were being made here and there.

We had one rather amusing experience in Lyons. For a year before we left India we had been making garments for the journey and for our wear after getting to a cold country. While up in the hills we had bought many webs of *patu*. This is a strong heavy gray or brown wool cloth. It is made up in the hills. Men come around to the doors selling it. It was very cheap and durable. We had laid by a good store and we had it made up into dresses and cloaks and overcoats. We were all dressed alike. Imagine six of us parading the streets of Lyons all with long gray overcoats, from the father and mother down to the five-year-old baby. We had been ten years away from fashions. We knew or cared little for fashions. Of course we created a sensation. People stopped on the streets to look at us. At length, Frankie could endure it no longer. She came in at night in a white heat. She was about eleven years of age. She said, "I had always supposed the French people were very polite but I think they are the rudest people I have ever heard of. They stop on the streets and turn around to look at us as if we were from Greenland or some frozen region. And they stare at us as we pass." We could not embarrass our children too much so got them some new and modern wraps. After six weeks in Lyons we went on to Paris. Our friend, Dr. Fairfield, knew Paris pretty well so he wrote on beforehand and engaged rooms for us at the Grand Hotel du Globe in the old part of the city and close to the celebrated Sorborne, the great university of France. These

rooms were very clean and comfortable and at a price unthinkable in these days. Three rooms adjoining for the six of us and for three francs per day for each room. The kind-hearted old landlady took great interest in us and wanted to make our stay in Paris pleasant. She even suggested a guide for us and called him. He was a man of culture, a typical French gentleman. If he might take lunch with us each day he would accept no other compensation for his services. We could do no less. He was born and reared in Paris and knew the city well. We saw many things which the ordinary traveler does not see. The man had fallen from his high estate by the free use of French wine. And he was not the only one; there were many such to be seen. He ordered many copious glasses of wine but we did not attempt to reform him. In ten days we saw something of Paris. When six of us would seat ourselves on the top of an omnibus, we always created something of a sensation.

In due time we proceeded to London. We had never before crossed the straits of Dover. We saw people quietly going to bed in the middle of the day. We wondered what was the matter. We found out before we got across. We landed in Dover where for the first time in ten years we heard people on the streets speaking our own English language. It surely did sound good.

In London, our friends, the Bachelers, of whom I have fully spoken, had also engaged rooms for us in the same hotel in which they were staying. We stayed a few days in London and then proceeded to Halifax to see our old friends, the Walshaws. Here my wife remained with the two younger children while I with the two older ones went on up to Edinburgh and spent a few profitable days. We had rooms with an old Scotch

lady who was the soul of hospitality. She was as motherly to my two little girls as if they had been her own. In due time we sailed from Liverpool for Boston. At Queenstown, we took on some hundreds of Irish emigrants. Those were days before there were many restrictions upon immigration. Some of these were pretty hard-looking specimens to become American citizens or American residents. The captain was rather friendly to me and told me many things about seafaring life. One of these was the danger from icebergs in a fog and the other was a fire. He said he had given strict orders against smoking in the berths and yet he said every day we find people lying in their bunks smoking. They were constantly on the alert for fire. Just before we reached Boston the ship cast anchor and a number of officers came on board and examined the passengers for their health and vaccinated about one thousand.

To get a glimpse of the long line of one's native shore after an absence of ten years and then a closer view as the outlines of the city appear, creates a sensation indescribably joyous.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said:
'This is my own, my native land;'
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned
As homeward he his footsteps turned
From wandering on a foreign strand."

Then we drew nearer and soon began to see and recognize friends, among them, Dr. Given, our beloved treasurer, and Cora Reynolds, an old college classmate. Then the hawser was made fast, the gangplank put ashore and we stood upon the wharf. All was bustle and confusion.

We could not leave until our several trunks were safely through the customs. This ordeal I dreaded for I had heard so much about these officers fairly robbing people that I feared they would have but little mercy for us. But I am bound to say that a more gentlemanly lot of men I have not found than those I found that day in Boston. Not a thing dutiable did they find, though perhaps they might have done so if they had wanted to press matters. We had a lot of curios and in these they were greatly interested. Three times now I have passed through the customs in America—this time in Boston, once in New York and once in Seattle. I have always received very gentlemanly consideration. It is the cheat and smuggler that they are after and not honest men.

Our first stopping-place was Keuka College. Here Dr. Ball lived with whom we had been in touch all the years of our absence, and here was located the college in which we were both interested. For two or three days we were kindly entertained at the home of the Marsh's. After looking over the school and addressing the students, we pushed on to Adrian, Mich., where our daughter, Bessie, now Mrs. Bryant, was living. We left her a girl fourteen years of age in school; now we found her a widow. She was a brave, good girl. We spent a time visiting my wife's people in Michigan. Then we crossed the lake and visited my people in Wisconsin. At all places we had abundant opportunity to give addresses. We came back to Chicago and attended the Columbian Exposition being held there. During our stay there we lived in our own tent pitched in the grove of a friend at North Harvey, and went in as often as we wished by train. One day our little girl, Mona, strayed away from us and was lost in the crowd. It was

perhaps an hour before we found her. She could not be persuaded again to go to the fair. During the latter part of the summer we were in the Battle Creek Sanitarium, for a little time as Dr. Kellogg's guests and then for some time on our own charges. Here Mrs. Griffin was regaining her health and I spent much of the time traveling and giving mission addresses. Late in the autumn I went to Keuka Park to begin the building of a house to be our own home. I expected to do but little more than get in the cellar but finding help plentiful and the weather keeping fine, we had the house completed before Christmas. I returned to Adrian, where the family had been staying. Here the family continued to stay while I traveled most of the time visiting the churches and speaking. The following fall (1894) we moved to Keuka Park to give the children the advantages of the school while at the same time we could have them at home. I traveled extensively among our churches in New York and Pennsylvania, also in the New England States—Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The following winter I asked for a three months' vacation without salary, to write a book which I had in mind. The title of the book was, "India and Daily Life in Bengal." I thought I had discovered what the people wanted to know about India and so wrote the book. The first edition was published by the Battle Creek Publishing House. I put it out entirely on my own responsibility. I had many misgivings as to whether I would ever be able to dispose of the edition. But the press spoke well of it and friends who read it spoke to their friends about it and soon it was sold. A new and enlarged edition was published in Boston. That was sold. Subsequently two more editions were published in Philadelphia by the

American Baptist Publication Society, and both of these are now sold. Just previous to the publication of the third edition I wrote "Chundra Lela" and submitted the manuscript to the same house. They accepted it. Dr. Rowland, who was then secretary of the society, said that these two books were the first books they published of any kind after the union of Baptists and Free Baptists.

When we left India, it was our purpose to return in two years. The two years were up, but the difficulties loomed up before us—we could not take the children back, they were too young to leave alone, and there was no one with whom we could leave them. Our duty was plain—we must stay with them for a time. We so informed the Board and sent in our resignation. I told them that we did not consider that our work was done in India, but for the present we should have to remain in America. I was ready to accept a call from some church. It soon came from Elmira Heights Free Baptist Church. The salary was a mere pittance but the opportunity for work was great. We entered upon our duties with faith and zeal. It is useless to recount the difficulties but they existed. But our work was a joy to us and the work of the Lord prospered. After a little more than a year in this place I was elected secretary and treasurer of Keuka College. I was persuaded that a wider field of usefulness was open before me. Mrs. Griffin was so loath to leave that she was persuaded to remain for a time until they could find a successor. A young minister in the person of Rev. Arba Marsh was found. I entered upon my duties in the college in the summer of 1897. The next six years were strenuous years. The Free Baptists of New York were not numerous enough nor wealthy enough to properly endow

and maintain a college. We tried to maintain a good school on insufficient funds. Much of the burden rested on me as the treasurer. Then we ran a popular Assembly in the assembly grove. Here we had seats for three thousand people and a fine pavilion. We had for these assemblies the best talent the country offered—Joseph Cook, Russell, Conwell, Col. Bain, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Len G. Broughton, Gen. O. Howard, Susan B. Anthony, Robert Burdette, and many others of national fame. Besides, we had the best concert troupes obtainable. Much of the burden of these naturally rested on us. And besides, we ran the college as a summer hotel not only to care for our speakers but to provide for any guests that might care to come. We had from fifty to one hundred of these sometimes to provide for.

These were strenuous years for the whole family. After six years I resigned and again we offered ourselves to the Board to return to India. By this time the children were grown and besides our daughter Bessie was in a position to be with them and be a real mother to them.

CHAPTER IX

We Return to India

We were now leaving five children. Here had been our first home and a most pleasant home for eight years. Here often our children had their school friends. Here we had plenty of music and good fellowship. For my wife and me to turn our backs on all of these things and go back to India alone was a cross heavy to bear. It was a crushing burden and came near taking my life. I think my wife had more courage and faith than I and stood up under it better. I was taken ill crossing the Atlantic. I thought nothing of it for I thought as soon as we got on land I would be all right. But such was not the case. I got no better. One night as I lay thinking through the situation, I thought of Mr. Baynes, who was the secretary of the English Baptist Mission Society and a man whom I had met in India previously. I thought if I could find him I might get some advice. It was grasping at a straw but the situation was desperate. I called on Mr. Baynes, finding his name in the directory, and he advised me to go and see the doctor who examined all their missionaries — Dr. Habershon — and gave me a letter of introduction. We went to see him. He examined me and gave me medicine, asking me to call again after three days. This we did. He again gave me a very careful examination and pronounced the case "congestion of the liver." He said I should go back to America; that if I were under appointment by the English Baptists, he would not permit me to go. We went back to our hotel to consider the situation. It was a

hard one I can truthfully say. We said, "The people have given the money for our passage. Suppose we return and soon get well, what will be thought of us? We cannot face such a situation. If I die at sea or in India, I can but die. We must go forward." And we did. I was not very ill but felt wretched with no appetite and was constantly growing a little weaker.

In this condition we continued our journey. We left London in the evening and went to Harrick and took a steamer across the North Sea to the Hook of Holland. It was a poor steamer and the accommodations not good but we got over all right. From there we went to Rotterdam and then on to Cologne. The thing of great interest in Cologne is the cathedral. The towers are the most wonderful in the world. I am not attempting to describe the sights we saw. This would mean a big volume and it has been done many times and by good writers. We stopped at Bonn and visited the great university and saw the statue of Beethoven who was born there.

From here we took the steamer up the Rhine calling at different places. We spent the nights on shore wherever night overtook us, once at Coblentz, once at Mayence and once at Bingen. The Rhine ages ago cut its way through hills and valleys and so we see the same formations on each side of the river. On the top of these peaks and overlooking the river, castles were built years ago. These are certainly beautiful for situation. Probably no river in the world surpasses the Rhine for beauty of scenery. At Bingen, we took the train for Basle, remaining there but a day, then going on to Lucerne, Switzerland. This is a most beautiful spot nestling in the valley at the foot of mountains and on the banks of the lake. From here

we passed through St. Gothard's tunnel, under the Alps, to Milan. Here again is a world-renowned cathedral. It would be useless to try and describe it. Our next objective was Florence. The Uffizi Art Gallery is one of the best in the world. We spent a day in it and could as well have spent a week.

The thing which stands out as a most wonderful experience in my life is connected with this city. We arrived about dark and went to a hotel. After supper we consulted our guide book to see where we should spend the following day. Mrs. Griffin wanted to see a certain cathedral which had a world-renowned painting of Christ. Charley and I wanted to take some particular photographs. We secured a horse and carriage and told the man to drive to this cathedral. Here we dropped Mrs. Griffin and were to call for her at noon. We went on to our destination and dismissed our carriage and began to take some photos. All at once I felt an irresistible desire to return to the cathedral where I left my wife. I told Charley I was going back. He wondered why, but I did not stop to reason. I just must go and that as quickly as possible. I started to walk but I soon began to run. When I arrived I found my wife lying on the grass in front of the church by the curbstone, too ill to raise her head. There were a couple of police by her and a few people but they did not know what to do. She could not think of the name of our hotel or say anything in Italian. All she could do was to pray for my coming. And I came. We at once called a carriage and got her in and returned to our hotel where she secured relief and recovered. What was it which called me back and in such haste?

We went on to Rome. I had written on to some missionaries, English Baptists, and inquired if they could,

without too much trouble, secure for us for ten days some furnished rooms. They gave me directions to come. When we arrived we found the rooms a part of their own house. That was a most happy arrangement, for they were very nice people and knew Rome well. In fact, one of them had been born in Rome. For two or three days some of their party went with us to show us places of greatest interest. We visited St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Appian Way, the Forum, Colosseum, Vatican, and scores of other interesting places. We were struck with the absence of virile men from the churches and the preponderance of red-cloaked young priests promenading the streets.

From Rome we went to Naples. Here we saw long strings of macaroni hanging in the dooryards. After seeing the manner in which this article of food was handled, our appetite for it disappeared. This city impressed me as being a profligate place—a place wholly given over to worldly pleasure. It would hardly do to pass by Naples without some reference to Mt. Vesuvius. We went up by carriage as far as carriages went. On the way up, three Italians accompanied us singing the Italian Boat Song. The singing was splendid and we were glad to give the little gratuity expected for the pleasure afforded. We ascended Mt. Vesuvius by means of a railway as far as we could and the ascent was very steep. We could but wonder what would happen if any of the brakes would give away. At the end of the railway are men with ropes ready to help you up for a consideration if needed. Charley and I concluded our limbs were as strong as any guide's, but the two women folks did not object to a little help. They, however, were content to sit down even in the ashes two hundred feet be-

fore reaching the mouth of the crater. We men went up and looked into the awful chasm belching forth continually ashes and hot stones. An official guide kept us from going too near. He said not long before a man had gone down by venturing too near the edge.

We now took ship for Egypt. It was a most disagreeable voyage. In the first place the ship was overloaded; in the second, the officers drank heavily; in the third, it was a most stormy voyage. One night the Colletts and wife and I sat up all night in the companion way, preferring to drown in the open sea rather than like rats in our cabins. Also, there were a number of lewd French women on board going to Egypt to spend the winter and conduct their nefarious business. These women were all under the control of one man. We landed in Alexandria and took the train for Cairo. I had purchased a deck chair while in Naples for our use the remainder of the journey. The agent in Alexandria refused to allow me to take it on the train, though I offered to pay whatever was demanded. Seeing that I could avail nothing and that the train was about to start, I took out my knife and cut the canvas and folded it up and put it under my arm and let the rascal keep the frame. He had expected to get the whole chair.

In due time we arrived in Cairo. This is a city of magnificent hotels. Probably few cities in the world equal it. It is the winter home of not only many from Europe but also from America. Professor Petrie was on our vessel and put up at the same hotel. I became quite well acquainted with him. He is a great Egyptian explorer and is employed by the British Museum. In his party was a young lord whose name I have forgotten, but he occupied the stateroom with me and was a fine young

man. Prof. Petrie told me that he had never discovered anything in his explorations which contradicted the Bible account of the Israelitish bondage in Egypt. We saw the Nile, the pyramids, the Sphinx and many interesting things. The old Turkish Bazar is a thing that everyone who visits Cairo should see. On the day we were to leave Cairo, our train was due to pull out about noon. That train we must take in order to reach Port Said in time to join our steamer. But we wanted to see the Bazar. We secured the same guide we had the day before and called two carriages to take us and our belongings to the Bazar and then on to the train. We went inside, leaving the carriages on the street. Soon the guide came in and told us that the police had ordered the carriages away. We told him to take them away but be sure and be back in time for our train; that if we missed our train we also would miss our steamer. He said he would be back in time. We did some shopping and came out. It was nearly time to go but no carriage in sight. We looked at our watches, and were getting nervous. Had we taken the number of the carriages?—No one had thought of that. Had we taken the guide's number?—No one had. We were getting desperate. All our things were in those carriages. The baby, Ivan, would die without his Horlick's Milk. But we must call another carriage for we must get our train. If we only had hold of that guide, what would we not do? But we did not have hold of him. They had all absconded to some safe place, there to divide the spoils! Just as we were about to call another carriage up they came on the gallop. We were so glad to see them that we could have almost embraced them. We hustled in and told them to put the whip to the horses, making the train with less than a two-minute margin.

We arrived in Port Said about sundown, went to a hotel, saw that the women folks were comfortable, then Charlie and I went to the office to inquire about the steamer. The agent told us that she was liable to be in any moment, that she had no cargo to take on and would not stay an hour. He told us to go back to our hotel, get our belongings ready and as soon as the vessel arrived he would send a messenger for us. This we did. We had but sat down to the supper table when the messenger came. We hurried to the ship and she soon pulled out. The next morning the captain came down to see us. He had the passenger list and knew who was coming aboard. He had a broad grin on his face. He wanted to see if I knew him. It was Captain Miller, now commander of the steamship, "City of Calcutta." Just twenty-one years before we had gone out with the same captain. He was then commander of the steamship, "City of Oxford." We recognized each other at once, and he made the same request of me that he had made twenty-one years before, that I take the Sunday morning services the remainder of the voyage. This I was glad to do.

In due time we again landed in Calcutta. We were met by our son-in-law, Rev. Geo. Henderson, who told us that we were stationed at Santipore. This was an unprecedented thing to do. I had bought the Smith house and expected to return to it; but we were to go to Santipore. It seemed like a cruel thing to do, under the circumstances. We were forty miles from anyone who spoke our language and I ill and failing daily. All our missionaries expected me to die soon. I could not sleep more than one hour a night and often not at all. My poor wife had to support my drooping spirits as well as keep up her own courage. After a month of such a sleep-

less condition, I went to Calcutta to see Mr. Henderson. He had a sleeping room holding two beds on the top of his house. It was cool at night and away from all noise. We turned in at the usual time and I went to sleep. I slept all night and in the morning took a little breakfast and went to sleep again. The spell was broken. I went back home after two or three days feeling better. We had plenty to do. My mind was off myself and on that which was before me. I began to gain and soon was myself again. Then we thanked God that he had at least overruled to our good and His glory what seemed a calamity.

We at once took steps to enlarge our industrial school and secure a grant for more teachers and also for a building. Then Mrs. Griffin established a Normal Training School for women, and became a teacher in it and its superintendent. We also opened a night school for Santals and a kindergarten for the little tots, as well as a number of schools throughout the country round-about. In all of these religious instruction was given by a Christian inspector. We had colporteurs, Bible women, lay preachers, our church and community. Previously, there had been a lady physician here, Dr. Nellie Phillips, so the people had come to think that all missionaries were doctors. We had a dispensary in which we kept remedies for such ills as we understood—fevers, dysentery, ring-worm, cholera, etc. There was hardly an hour in the day that someone did not come for medicine. On market days there were many. All in all, those were busy days from early morning until bedtime.

There were one or two experiences which I think worth relating. I have spoken of some of our outside schools. One of these was at a Santal village, Banch-

burne by name. Here there were a few Santals who had accepted the teachings of our Christian teacher and wanted to come into the Christian fold. I sent for them and talked over the question. I felt convinced the people were in earnest and while their knowledge was limited, they were willing to follow the light. They were baptized. Their landlord decided to dispossess them of their land. They had some very fine rice fields which their fathers had cleared up before them. One day when the fields were ready to cut a large number of Hindu minions of the landlord came armed with sickles and *bangies* to cut and carry off the rice. A messenger came for me. I was on crutches but had a *dulie* fixed up to carry me around. I sent for my four Santal bearers and hastened to the spot. It was five miles distant. When I arrived, I found not far from one hundred men. Some were to cut the fields, some to carry off the grain, and perhaps twenty with large bamboo clubs to do the fighting. I saw at a glance that it was an ugly crowd. They had been eating *gunja,* an intoxicating drug, and one which made people vicious. I told them that I had come to try and reason with them against cutting another man's fields. If they had any case let them go to the courts. I told them that was my mission and having done that I would return home. I told my bearers to take me up and go. We started but had not gone ten rods before twenty of them with clubs started after us shouting and ordering the men to put me down. This they did. I got up leaning on my crutches and tried to reason with them. I had no fear but at the same time expected to be killed there and then. Each was waiting for the other to strike the first blow. Finally they seemed to cool down a little and we started again. Once more their performance was

repeated. This was done three times. Finally they said, "Let him go; we will take the Santals." This they did. By the time I reached home the reaction was so great that I could hardly get to my bed. These poor Santals were taken into the jungle and tied to trees as a prey to leopards which prowled about. But in the night their cries brought to them their wives who released them. They came to me about 1 A.M. showing their bleeding wrists. In the courts it was shown that fictitious receipts had been given them for years and all their land was lost. So much they suffered for the cause of Christ.

One more experience: The Nationalist movement was at its height the last time we were in India. One evening we received an urgent telegram from Mr. Hamlen. It read: "Danger; watch tonight." A special messenger had brought it seven miles. We expected there was danger and called the village together. We divided up into parties to watch different entries into the village. About all the weapons of warfare we had were clubs and a few native axes and one or two old shotguns. We watched but nothing came to harm us. Some suspicious characters had been traced from Calcutta to Dantoon, our nearest station, and by some threats previously heard, it was concluded that our village was threatened. But it was not a very pleasant sensation to feel that at any moment our village would be raided and houses destroyed. There was not a wink of sleep for either men or women in our village that night.

One more experience which was not tragic but rather comical for us though for the parties implicated it was more tragic. I had a little iron safe in one part of the house where we kept our money. Sometimes we had quite a sum for there were large bills to pay. One

time when we were away some thieves broke into it and took what we had. They had miscalculated and found but a few dollars. Emboldened by their success, they tried it again. This time it was with Mr. Collett, my successor. They slept on the roof of their house. In the night some thieves came and broke open the safe and carried off the tin cash box in which was the money. There was consternation when the next morning they found the safe open and the money all gone.

Mr. Collett walked out to the schoolhouse and there on the veranda he saw his empty cash box. He happened to notice a footprint in the mud close to the veranda. It so happened that the mud was just of the right consistency to hold the footprint. Mr. Collett said to himself, "That is the footprint of the man who stole my money. He got a shovel and carefully took up the mud. Then he sent for the village "chokadar," and asked him if he could identify that footprint. He thought he could. He went and brought over the man and fitted his foot into the footprint. It was an exact fit. The chokedar then took the man to the police station and lodged him there. Then they went back and asked the wife for the money. At first she denied any knowledge of it, but the chokadar told the wife that the man had confessed all (which he had not) and unless she showed them where the money was he would take her to the police station. Then she showed them where the money was buried. He got his term in prison but I never recovered my money.

Another story will be interesting. We had been having J. Pengwern Jones, of Assam, with us for a number of days holding meetings. All our people had been wonderfully revived. We wanted the entire mission to be

benefited by the ministrations of this man of God. We sent invitations to all the missionaries to come and put up with us for a few days. The village people had invited the native Christians from other communities. All had arrived except Mr. Oxreider; he had been detained in Midnapore but was to come down on the evening train and ride over on his bicycle. We delayed dinner, expecting his arrival until his wife insisted that we wait no longer. Bedtime came and no Mr. Oxreider. Of course, we simply thought he had been hindered and would come on the morning train. But early in the morning he pulled in. We knew it was too early for the train and we could not imagine where he could have stayed all night. His wife questioned him, but he was not very communicative. At length she demanded to know where he had spent the night. He then told us his story. He had crossed the river just about sundown and started towards Santipore. When he got out as far as a certain large banyan tree by the roadside it was dusk. He saw, lying right in the road and under the shadow of the tree, a large black bear. He ran his wheel up to the tree and got up into the tree as quickly as possible and sat on a large limb where he could watch the movements of the bear. There he sat and there the bear lay. Vainly he hoped it would get up and move off. He stayed and the bear stayed. At length day began to break and the bear got up and stretched his limbs and walked off and lo and behold, it was a black cow!

But a real calamity had come to me. I was thrown from my bicycle and so injured my knee that I was on crutches all the rest of the time I was in India, and from this accident I am still suffering. It was this which drove us home before our time.

CHAPTER X

Our Final Return to America

We had planned to start home in the spring but I was building a large brick schoolhouse and without mission aid. It was under government supervision and must pass before I could draw public money. And this involved delay. I could not leave until all was settled. This detained our starting until June, a season which the captain assured us was fraught with danger from typhoons and cyclones and we must expect them.

We went by way of China and Japan and then across the Pacific. On our way we called at Penang, a British possession. The whole island seems to be a cocoanut plantation. Thousands of tons of cocoanuts are shipped to England every year. Men climb these trees like squirrels. Next we came to Singapore, another British possession, the key to these eastern seas, and an emporium for pineapples. Here we took on twelve hundred Chinese coolies who had been working the tin mines of Malay. They had saved their money and were going home rich if they did not gamble it all away before they got home. They gamble from morning till night; it is one of the sins and weaknesses of China. Wherever one goes in China, we see more or less of this spirit. We stayed a number of days in Hong Kong as the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Ganair, who kept a sort of rest house for missionaries passing to and fro, and at a rate which they could afford to pay. We had a most delightful time there.

A college friend, Dr. Mary Fulton, was at Canton, and she urged us to see her. It was eighty miles up the river. Boats left Hong Kong each evening and Canton each morning. We left for Hong Kong arriving a little after sunrise. Dr. Fulton was to have bearers at the dock to meet us, but while there were hundreds of people there, none seemed to be looking for us. I finally found a man who directed me to Dr. Swan's hospital away up the river. He thought he could direct me to the place we wanted to go. Everybody knew Dr. Swan so we got into a boat manned by women and were rowed up to his hospital. He called two chairs and gave the men specific directions for getting to Dr. Fulton's college. We got in and rode up through those narrow, winding streets so early in the morning. The women who gather the sewage in buckets were busy at work. We met many of them. The streets were so narrow that in places two chairs could not pass. The sights, the sounds and the smells of that morning will ever be present with me.

At length we came to a board fence ten feet high, entirely across the street. Here we were set down, and here we waited and waited. We were in a fix as we could not speak a word of Chinese. We were sure we were in the wrong place. What should we do? What could we do? At length a man came and opened a little wicket gate and stuck his head through. Then he opened wide the door and we passed in. The men took what we were told to give them and departed. Here was a beautiful yard with grass and flowers and some fine brick buildings: a hospital, college, dispensary, church and dwelling house. I told Dr. Fulton that the board fence at the end of the street where we were set down separated heaven and hell. On the outside of the fence was

hell, inside heaven. We stayed here a couple of days and saw much of what this woman had done. She started in as a lone missionary doctor, but as she realized she could not touch more than the fringe of the need, she resolved to raise up doctors from among their own people. She went to America to raise the money. She told her Board (Presbyterian) of the need, but they had no money to appropriate, but consented to her visiting the churches and trying her own hand in securing the necessary means. Here we saw the result of her efforts. We were there when she was graduating one of her classes. She translated textbooks and established a college for women and sent forth a fine lot of doctors every year.

We returned to Hong Kong and took a ship for Shanghai, the Chicago of China, and a live, progressive city. We spent one day there. In this city different nations have separate settlements, actual foreign settlements, on Chinese soil. No wonder the Chinese are up in arms against these foreign concessions. As soon as they can get a stable government, those evils will be rectified.

We went on to Japan—Nagasaki our first port. There we saw the place where the first Christian martyrs of Japan were hurled from a high precipice to their death. Leaving Nagasaki, we then passed through the inland sea to Kobe, and thence to Yokohama. The inland sea is the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever seen. It is almost covered by fishing boats—thousands of them. I suppose no waters in the world yield the amount of fish which this does for its size. The fish markets are worth seeing. We were in Japan about two weeks waiting for our steamer. If I should write a little book it would not tell of all we saw in Japan. A beautiful country and many good people, no doubt, but I have but

little use for the average working men. They are a licentious lot as a rule if I may judge by appearance. We saw Tokio and many places within reach.

From Yokohama we crossed to Vancouver, British Columbia. The ocean was as smooth as a millpond all the way. In all our voyage we did not encounter a storm. From there we went to Seattle. The Alaska Yukon Exposition was on and we went to see it. We had an interesting experience coming down the coast. Our tickets had been purchased in Calcutta for San Francisco, and I also had a letter of credit for expenses by the way. Before leaving Yokohama, I had drawn what I thought would be needed, but we had incurred some extra expense. We had intended leaving Seattle the evening of the same day in which we visited the Exposition, but when we got to the station we found that the evening train went only as far as Portland, Ore. That would do us no good. The morning train went clear through. We went to a hotel to stay all night, but they did not entertain travelers free of charge by some distance. Also the truck man had a pretty big bill for transferring our trunks. It was too late for banks when these big bills came in. I was at the bottom of my purse. My wife went into a bakery to get something for the trip, for we saw that eating houses and dining cars were out of the question. I think the woman in the bakery thought we looked as if something to eat would be acceptable for she handed us a basketful and said she was glad to get rid of the food, which was old and stale. That was a fine lift. When we boarded the train, I think I had just one dollar left and a forty-eight-hour ride. I was out of films for my camera and I must get some views of Mt. Shasta. So I bought a film for thirty-five cents in Portland. Then

our food was so dry that we decided on a cup of tea. For the two cups the porter took fifty cents. That left me with but fifteen cents and when we arrived in San Francisco, we had to go some distance to find a bank. Fortunately it was not a bank holiday and we got what we needed. It is laughable to look back upon but not so much fun at the time. We never ceased to bless the baker woman who gave us the basket of dry sandwiches.

We received a stack of letters in San Francisco. The joyful memory of that day as we went out and sat on the green in our own homeland and read the letters of greeting from friends far and near will be fresh and green while life shall last. We visited some friends in Oakland and then took the train for Los Angeles. Here I had a brother whom I had not seen for forty years and here were sixteen children and grandchildren of his whom I had never seen. We had a great time for a few days. Here were also other friends. Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Chase who had been about the dearest friends we had ever known. We went to see them. Then we met Ed. Auger, who was a former college class mate. He told us of a Hillsdale reunion which was to be held at his residence that very evening. "You must come," was the order. We went and met many old-time friends and students. We would gladly have lingered longer in this beautiful country but there was a terrible pull across the continent—five children were waiting to see father and mother. We took the train for Chicago, passing through Salt Lake City, Denver, Cheyenne, Omaha, and on to Chicago and Hillsdale. Here we stayed over Sunday and met many old-time friends and relatives, including Carl Bailey and wife, a nephew and niece, and their beautiful children, and then went on to Penn Yan. We arrived

here at 7 P.M. All the children were on the platform to meet us, including our son-in-law, Carl Churchill, then dean of Keuka College. I expect some of the people thought we were all a crazy lot, but who cared what they thought? Five years is a long time to be away from all one's flesh and blood. The meeting was a happy one. We had been around the world.

I had agreed even before leaving India to supply the pulpit for a time in Fidelity Baptist Church at Cleveland, Ohio, while the minister, Rev. T. C. Lawrence was abroad for a month. This over, we returned to Keuka Park, our home.

About this time the college, around which all life revolves in a college town, was in a state of transition. Dr. Z. A. Space had been the president but the Free Baptists had become unable longer to carry the load of the college and had made overtures to the Disciples to unite with us in the work. Favorable action had been taken by them and a president belonging to the Disciple Church had been chosen—Rev. Arthur Braden. He was a fine and capable young man in every way. Dr. Space was still pastor of the church, but Mr. Braden alone could not make a college. His people did not cooperate or could not. He resigned and Rev. Joseph Slorena was elected to the position. He made an heroic effort to rally his people but after five years of effort he too resigned. He gave me the credit of standing by him "to the last ditch."

When he resigned, the church was left without a pastor. I was asked to take this work. I refused to become pastor but agreed to supply the pulpit for a time. This I did for nearly five years. In the meantime Dr. Z. A. Space had been chosen general super-

intendent of what was known as the Central Association of Free Baptists. Also at this time the Baptists and Free Baptists were coming together. I was a member of the last General Conference the Free Baptists ever held. That was in Ocean Park, Maine. It was no easy question to decide. There was to be the breaking up of lifelong associations and a disorganization of those interests which we had given for and labored for for many years, but in the interests of the kingdom of God, we decided to merge with the Baptists. A little later, my wife and I were asked to go down into Texas and visit the Free Will Baptists of that state and try to interest them more in our work in India. We went in different directions, coming together on the occasions of larger meetings. It was a great experience. The people were the soul of hospitability and most responsive to religious appeals.

After the college closed as a college, it continued to operate as an academy for a year because the teachers were engaged. D. C. Barrus, our son-in-law, now of Mt. Hermon, Mass., was chosen principal. The real burden for the continuance or rather the revival of the college rested on the shoulders of Dr. Space and me. We often had long conferences over the situation. As the Baptists and Free Baptists were coming together, we considered this to be the time to strike. He and I were appointed a committee to go to Brooklyn and attend a meeting of the New York State Baptist Missionary Convention and lay the matter before them. We were given a patient hearing and a warm welcome, and a committee appointed to take the whole matter under consideration. The committee consisted of Drs. Belden, Barbour, Savage, Vichert, Space and me. I was made secretary of the commit-

tee. We held a number of meetings at Keuka Park, Rochester and Jamestown. The story is too long to tell but finally the board of managers voted to accept the gift and open a college for women. Dr. Myron W. Haynes was secured to enter on a campaign for money and Dr. Norton was discovered and made president.. No better choice could possibly have been made. I have always believed in the mission of the college and have done what I could to further its interests. As secretary of the committee I had considerable correspondence with Dr. Padelford and also the late Ernest Burton who were officers of the Educational Board of the Northern Baptist Convention.

When fourscore years are behind a man he is past his prime and must not expect to be in the front. I am still preaching occasionally and now and again give a mission address. For seven years I was chaplain of our County Home. I think the old people greatly enjoyed my coming once a month and ministering to them. The late John Ball and his efficient wife who had charge during all the years I was going there rendered all the help possible to make the services a success.

On my eightieth birthday, I had a birthday party. There were eighty of my friends and neighbors invited. We had a large cake with eighty candles burning. I nearly blew them all out with one blast from my lungs. Songs were sung, speeches made, presents given, and a happy evening passed. I remarked to some of my friends who were congratulating me on my youthful looks that "I never felt better in my life." We cut the cake into eighty pieces and each had a piece. But how little we know what is before us. I was not long in being so free from pain. The following summer I was taken with a

pain in my foot, the same foot injured in India many years before. From that day to this I have not been free from that pain. The following winter we spent in Florida. I had had one rather threatening attack of bronchial trouble and another slight attack so we thought a winter in Florida might do us good. Through the kindness of our friends, Rev. O. H. Denney and wife, we secured some rooms very cheaply and we spent a pleasant winter in New Port Richey. We found many opportunities for giving public addresses in both the Baptist and Congregational churches. We returned sooner than we would otherwise have done because the injury I received many years ago seemed to be getting worse rather than better. We returned to try hospital treatment. But the "thorn in the flesh" remains and what cannot be cured must be endured.

While I was receiving treatment in Clifton Springs Sanitarium for my foot it was discovered that my dear wife had a trouble which required immediate attention. All that medical skill could do was done but after seven months of great suffering she departed for the home where no suffering is known. It was Jan. 5, 1927, after nearly forty-seven years of the sweetest fellowship, she left me. The story of her beautiful life I have written in another book.

At this juncture in my life I am not able to accomplish as much as I could desire but I still have a deep and abiding interest in the things which make for the advancement of the kingdom of God and I try still to do my bit that His kingdom may come and His will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

THE END

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